This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
$B 161 168

YC154155

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

THE

POEMS

OF

GEORGE HUDDESFORD, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

INCLUDING

SALMAGUNDI, TOPSY-TURVY,

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, AND CRAMBE REPETITA.

WITH

CORRECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY,
BY W. BULMER AND CO.
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.
1801.

941
H883
1801

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ALEXANDER LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

IN GRATITUDE FOR

FAVOUR

SPONTANEOUSLY CONFERRED,

AND ENHANCED BY

URBANITY AND LIBERAL CONDESCENSION,

THESE POEMS

ARE,

WITH PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT, AND

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

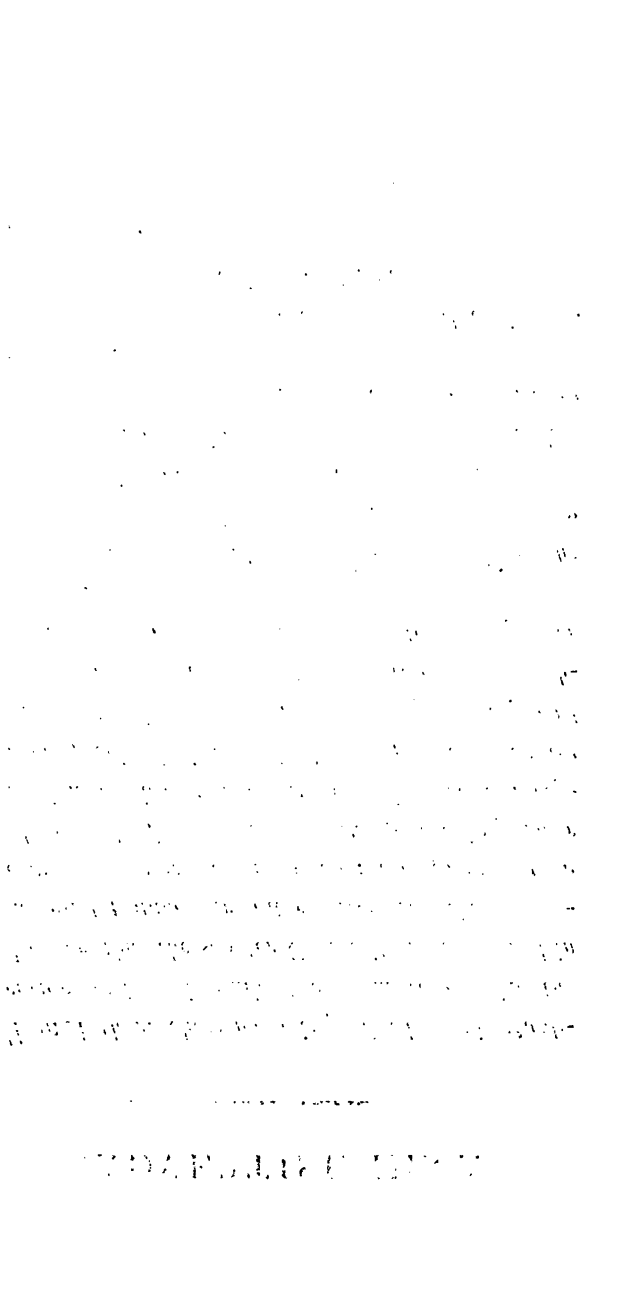
March 1, 1801. GEORGE HUDDESFORD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author, whose name is prefixed to this Publication, feels it incumbent on him to apprize the Reader, that the shorter Compositions contained in the First Volume, are interspersed with the productions of abler pens than his own: these, having been almost all of them given to the public in former editions of his SALMAGUNDI *(the favourable reception of which he is sensible that they have essentially promoted), he has here re-edited them. They will be found, in the Table of Contents, to be distinguished with asterisms, and attributed to their proper owners.*

For the general contents of these little Volumes, he trusts he shall not incur the charge of presumption in expressing his hopes, that they will meet with a reception no less indulgent, collectively, than that with which they have been honoured, when separately published.

They have undergone a careful revisal, with occasional alterations, and the addition of some original productions.



CONTENTS.

SALMAGUNDI.

A MISCELLANEOUS COMBINATION OF ORIGINAL POETRY,

WITH ADDITIONAL INGREDIENTS.

COMPRIZING

Illusions of Fancy - - - - - - - - page 3
Amatory Odes. Ode I. - - - - - - - - 19
..... Ode II. - - - - - - - - 24
..... Ode III. - - - - - - - - 28
..... Ode IV. - - - - - - - - 36
..... Ode V. - - - - - - - - 38
* Elegy. Written at Sea. *By J. S.* Esq. - - 42
* Elegy. ..... *By the same* - - - - 44
* Latin Imitation of Gay. By the late Rev. *Reynell Cotton* - - - - - - - - - - - - 47
* Whitsuntide. By the late *Thomas Warton*, jun. 48
* Christmas. By the same - - - - - - - 51
Free Imitation of an Ode by *Walter de Mapes* - 54
* Song. By the late *John Bampfylde*, Esq. - - 59
Heroic Ballad of John Wilkes - - - - - - - 61
Song - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 76
A Crust for a Conveyancer - - - - - - - 78
The Noble Sans-Culotte - - - - - - - - 88

Ballad on the breaking of the Water-head, &c. page 92
William of Wickham - - - - - - - - - 96
The Hermitage - - - - - - - - - - 100
The Barber's Nuptials - - - - - - - - 104
* A Morsel for a Musselman. By *J. S.* Esq. - 110
* Sonnet to the Red-breast. By *John Bampfylde*, Esq. - - - - - - - - - - - 112
* Sonnet. Written at a Farm. By the same - 113
The Paradox - - - - - - - - - - 114
* Address of an Indian Girl to an Adder. By the late *Dr. Warton* - - - - - - - - 116
* Epitaphium Susannæ Serle, &c. By the late *Mr. Thomas Warton* - - - - - - - - 117
To a Grasshopper. From the Greek - - - - - 118
* Elwes and the Mouse. From the same. By *W. C.* 119
* Lines on the War with America. By the late *Dr. Vansittart* - - - - - - - - - 121
* Extempore. By an unknown hand - - - - - 122
The System shattered - - - - - - - - 123
* Epigrammata. By various hands - - - - - 125
Epigrams - - - - - - - - - - - - 127
* Ignotum omne pro Magnifico. By ——*J—l*, Esq. 128
A Case of Conscience - - - - - - - - *ibid.*
Epigram - - - - - - - - - - - 129
Impromptu - - - - - - - - - - - - 130
Monody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat - - - - - - - - - - - - 131

SALMAGUNDI.

POEMS.

To RICHARD WYATT, Esq.

ON LEAVING HIS MANSION AFTER ASCOT RACES.

——— *Me ludit amabilis*
Insania. Hor. lib. iii. Carm. 4.

CONGENIAL to my pensive breast
O'ershadowing clouds the skies invest;
Fast-falling showers deform the glade,
No cheering ray dispels the shade,
No lark's clear carol wakes the morn
That, lowering, bids my steps forlorn

Abandon Surry's smiling plains,
Fly the lov'd roof where Friendship reigns,
Where liberal Mirth that care beguiles,
And calm Contentment's heav'nly smiles
Their heart-enlivening influence shed;
Where Time throws off his wings of lead,
And clad in purple plumage light,
Speeds swifter than the winds his flight.
Thence as my devious course I steer,
FANCY in fairy visions clear
Bids, to beguile my 'tranced eyes,
Past joys in sweet succession rise:
Refreshing Zephyr's balmy breath
Bids me inhale where Ascot Heath,
Impregnated with mild perfume,
Bares its broad bosom's purple bloom:
Gives to my view the splendid crowd,
The high-born racer neighing loud,
The manag'd steeds that, side by side,
Precede the glittering chariot's pride,
Within whose silken coverture
Some peerless Beauty sits secure,
And, fatal to the soul's repose,
Around her thrilling glances throws.

Enchantress, whose all-powerful spell
We felt, when WARTON's dulcet Shell
(A choice libation at thy shrine)
Pour'd the stream of Song divine,*
O FANCY! speed with me thy flight,
O'er oaks in richest verdure dight,
Whose writhed limbs of giant mould
Wave to the breeze their umbrage bold;
Bear me, embowering shades between,
Through many a glade and vista green
Whence silver streams are seen to glide,
And towering domes th' horizon hide,
To Leonard's forest-fringed Mound;
Where lavish Nature spreads around
Whate'er can captivate the sight,
Elysian lawns, and prospects bright
As visions of expiring saints,
Or scenes that Harcourt's pencil paints.†
Bear me where 'midst enamell'd meads
Redundant Thames his bounty sheds,
Teeming with many a plenteous freight:
Where o'er the vale in antique state

* The late Dr. WARTON's exquisite Ode to Fancy.
† The Lady of General Harcourt, of St. Leonard's Hill.

Imperial Windsor's turrets frown,
And massy fanes of old renown.
Give me to gaze with ardent eye
On gorgeous spoils of Chivalry;
To ken aloft the radiant rows
Of banners won from Britain's foes;
Recall the glorious deeds of yore;
Shew the dark mail that Edward * wore;
The falchion shew, whose thundering stroke
Cressy's pale ranks impetuous broke;
From whose fell glare unnerv'd with dread
Gallia's aspiring chieftains fled,
Or from its edge, with nobler aim,
Gather'd the meed of death and fame.

O FANCY! give me to pervade
Chambers in pictur'd pomp array'd,
Peopling whose stately walls I view
The godlike forms that Raffaelle drew,
Enraptur'd see his magic hand
Wield the creative pencil-wand,

* Edward, styled the Black Prince, from the sable armour which he wore, son of Edward the Third.

Whose touches animation give,
And bid th' insensate canvass live,
Glowing with many a deed divine
Achiev'd in holy Palestine.
The Passions feel its potent charm,
And round the mighty Master swarm:

Lo! where Dismay with haggard-gaze *
The death-smote Hypocrite surveys;
Beholds his eyes convulsive roll,
And Fate arrest his sordid soul!

Lo! motionless Attention stands, †
Where to the firmament his hands
Sublime the great Instructor rears!
While Athens rapt in wonder hears
Truth's energetic voice proclaim
Her unknown God's tremendous name!

Deep read in Superstition's lore,
Behold capricious Zeal adore, ‡

* Cartoon.—The Death of Ananias, in the Royal apartments at Windsor Castle.

† Cartoon.—Paul preaching at Athens.

‡ Cartoon.—Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.

In sublunary weeds array'd,
The fabled Gods her fears have made!
" Those pow'rful sounds," she cries, " I know:
" Hark! from the honied lips they flow
" Of Maia's Son!—Can Man dispense
" Activity to impotence?
" Can energy of mortal hand
" The shrunk, distorted limb expand?
" Inveterate force of ills confound,
" And bid the lame with transport bound?—
" 'Tis Jove's,—the unexampled deed!
" To Jove th' Isaurian Steer shall bleed!
" To Jove the rich libations pour!
" Braid in bright wreaths each blooming flow'r,
" Swell each loud strain of festive mirth,
" To gratulate the Gods on earth!"—

Artist supreme! by Nature taught
To clothe with life each glowing thought,
Too soon * the destinies conspire
To quench thy pencil's hallow'd fire;
Too soon the soul that warm'd thy clay
Aspir'd to realms of endless day

* Raffaelle died in 1520, at the age of 37 years.

On wings of ecstasy, to join
Sages and saints, a band divine,
Whose godlike forms (ere death withdrew
The veil that darkens mortal view)
Heav'n bade thy penetrative eye
Amid her dazzling courts descry;
Thence bade thee trace the faultless line,
Th' expressive grace, the chaste design,
The mien that love and awe inspires,
And wakes devotion's purest fires.
Thy memory, still to genius dear,
Britain's enlighten'd sons revere;
And grateful hail their Monarch's name,
Whose liberal care thy labours claim:
To heights impervious heretofore
Who bids immortal Science soar;
Far seen in venerable pride,
Whose regal seat, expanding wide
Its portals at his high behest,
Hails ev'ry Art, an honour'd guest:
Beneath whose mild, auspicious reign
The Genius old of Greece again,
Awaken'd from his deep repose,
In REYNOLDS' living canvass glows;

Where Grace and Energy divine,
With Beauty truly blent combine:
And braids his deathless bays around
The British Raffaelle's brows renown'd.
Lo! by his daring hand pourtray'd,*
The sanguinary scene display'd
Where martial peers, in glittering mail,
Unfold their pennons to the gale;
O'er Normandy's dismantled plains
Where iron-clad Contention reigns;
And Havoc waits (his tresses wet
With gore) thy nod, Plantagenet!
Wafted from Albion's Isle afar,
Where wake her sons the storm of war;
Where, ravish'd from the parent stem
To grace the Victor's diadem,
Thy Lilies, France, no more assume
The splendour of their wonted bloom;
No more with peerless lustre glow,
But soil with blood their native snow!—

* The Victories of Edward the Third, and Edward the Black Prince, painted by Mr. West.

Now o'er the braid from FANCY's loom
The rich tints breathe a deeper gloom;
While, consecrated domes beneath
Midst hoary shrines and caves of death,
Secluded from the eye of day
She bids her pensive votary stray.
Brooding o'er monumental cells
There awe-diffusing Silence dwells,
Save when along the lofty fane
Devotion wakes her hallow'd strain,
When the vast organ's breathing frame
Echoes the voice of loud acclaim,
And the deep diapason's sound
Thunders the vaulted iles around.
From the broad window's fretted height
Streams the rich flood of mellow'd light,
That bids the pav'd expanse below
With hues of gold and crimson glow,
Reflected from the gorgeous pane,
Where Picture holds her lasting reign:
Where, in translucent glories dight,
Selestial forms arrest the sight;
Th enraptur'd gazer's pow'rs control,
And bathe in ecstasy the soul.

There, rang'd in reverend majesty,
The taper shafts ascending high
To decorate the crisped roof
Their mingling branches shoot aloof:
Where, blazon'd in projecting gold,
Flame the proud crests of Barons bold.

Now beams on FANCY's eye no more
The spangled roof, the polish'd floor,
The speaking chrystal's various stain
Illumining the wondrous fane:
Choirs, altars, shrines, illusive fade.—
Enliv'ning Airs my sense invade:
Encircled by the young and fair,
The blithe Assembly's bliss I share;
Swift o'er the lyre's harmonious strings
His magic hand the minstrel flings;
Responsive to the sprightly sound,
The dancer's quivering feet rebound;
Diffusing wide their silver rays,
Aloft the sparkling lustres blaze;
While milder emanations flow
From love-enkindling orbs below.

Amid the soul-subduing scene
Lo! Fauconberg's majestic mien
Conspicuous tow'rs above the rest:
Impurpled plumes her brows invest,
Amid whose trembling summits high
Insidious Cupids ambush'd lie.
To each enchanting Grace allied,
Here Fancy bids fair Bouverie glide,
Light as the breath of opening morn
O'er beds of unsunn'd violets born,
And win each heart, a willing prize,
Unconscious of her victories.
There Townshend threads the pleasing maze:
Ah who can unenamour'd gaze!
To fan the flame of chaste desire
There Law's ingenuous charms conspire;
Smiles that enthral the ravish'd sense,
The speaking eye's soft eloquence,
And blush, whose living roses dye
The shrine of Sensibility!
Who the sweet magic can withstand
Of powerful Nature's lavish hand
Fresh as the spring, as Hebe fair,
Where Egham sends a gentle Pair,

And bids the charm'd affections hail
The SISTER LILIES of her Vale,
Two sweeter blossoms ne'er the braid
Of Flora's coronet display'd.
The Measures cease—her tempting stores
Around prolific FANCY pours;
The sumptuous board, extended wide,
Her visionary viands hide:
Beauty and youth the banquet share—
Hence to the winds intrusive Care!
Rigour unbend thy brow austere!
The laughing Loves and Graces here
Comus to his festive rites
To mirth and genial cheer invites,
And the blithe ivy-crowned Guest,
Who thaws the Virgin's frozen breast
With the liquid fires that glow
Where his purple clusters grow.
Fill'd to many a favorite name,
I see the mantling nectar flame!
Latent amid th' inspiring draught
Speeds the blind God his subtle shaft,
And while the flask his votary drains
Despotic in his bosom reigns,

Whence, for the Nymph his soul admires,
Th' involuntary sigh expires,
And languor steals through every vein.—
Now to the jocund dance again,
And bid the merry tabor's sound,
And harp's loud-echoing chime astound
The drowsy steeds that through dun air
Night's ebon-axled chariot bear!
With frolic measures, sport and song,
Pleasure's ecstatic reign prolong,
'Till old Tithonus' Bride renews
The lamp of morn, and heaven bestrews
With roses, such as blushing speak
Consent in Sappho's virgin-cheek:
'Till, quite extinct each glimmering star,
Hyperion mounts his radiant car,
And wakes the breathing flow'rs that blow
With richest tints of Iris' bow;
And fires old Ocean's flood, that pours
His splendours round a thousand shores.
Then home They hie, and, warm with wine,
Still, as they press the couch supine,
See fairy-visions round them float,
List the soft lyre's imperfect note,

Exhaust th' imaginary vase,
Fair forms in faultering measures chase,
Catch from bright eyes th' ecstatic beam,
And of ideal transports dream.

Divine Enchantress, FANCY! deign
Still to prolong thy blissful reign!
Frequent, to sooth my languid sense,
Thy visionary balm dispense!
Invest in varying colours bright
Each grateful scene of past delight!
Sweet dalliance let me hold with thee,
Estrang'd from Sad Reality!

O deign to cheer my humble cell!
Thence grave Parochial Cares expel:
Shield me from swathed Infants' scream,
And clouds of suffocating steam,
That from the Gossip's bowl exhale,
Mix'd with tobacco's potent gale!
From Undertakers' gloomy brows,
From Overseers' important bows,
From ruthless Sexton's lethal face,
And Beadles bristled o'er with lace!

Shield me from puritanic cant
Of Faded Maids, who matins haunt,
And, lowering o'er each lonely pew,
At once their sins and wrinkles rue!
My trembling ears, O FANCY, save
From Sternhold's inharmonious stave!
From the sad Brief's unpitied tale,
From Exposition trite and stale,
And many an opiate Inference!
Shield me from sounds at strife with sense!
From Pedantry of formal port,
And Consequence in cassoc short!

So, Goddess, thy propitious smile
Shall Time's ungenial flight beguile,
Wake into joy my pensive hours,
And strew life's barren path with flow'rs.
Nor shall the kindred Muse decline
To blend her simple blooms with thine;
Blest, if the wreath by FANCY wove
Kind Friendship's partial voice approve;
Nor sigh for unsubstantial bays
If WYATT's plaudit crown her lays.

AMATORY ODES.

ODE I.

Let the sons of Lucre pine
For glittering heaps of golden ore,
To swell th' accumulated store
Contemn the terrors of the mine;
Explore the caverns dark and drear
Mantled around with deadly dew;
Where congregated vapours blue,
Fir'd by the taper glimmering near,
Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,
And earth-born light'nings gleam athwart th' infernal shade.

Pride, on thy vesture's purple fold
Let the sky-tinctur'd sapphire blaze,
The emerald shed its milder rays,
And rubies blush in circling gold:

Low at thy nod let suppliants bow,
And crested chiefs precedence yield;
Thy hand the rod of empire wield,
And wreaths of triumph grace thy brow:—
A nobler aim let my ambition own,
Be Love my empire, LESBIA'S heart my throne!

Where into rage the wint'ry blast
Awakes old ocean's sullen wave
Let Commerce urge her busy slave;
And elevate his trembling mast
Above the billowy precipice,
To meet the forked lightning's flash;
Then down th' adventurous vessel dash,
Found'ring within the black abyss:
Or let his freight secure the surges sweep,
And of their prey defraud the monsters of the deep:

My bark the tide of young desire,
O Venus to thy happy realm
Shall waft, fair Hope direct the helm,
Love's sighs the swelling sails inspire:
To Thee, bright offspring of the wave,
I'll many an amorous vow prefer:

From storms of hate thy mariner
And blast of chill indifference save!
So to thy pow'r I'll frame the votive lay,
And moor'd in LESBIA'S arms confess thy sov'reign sway.

Amid ensanguin'd fields of war,
Valour, be thy votary found:
Where crimson banners wave around
The martial clarion echoing far;
In vain gigantic Terror calls
His spectre shapes, a ghastly band:
Nor Discord hurling high his brand,
Nor Danger's horrid front, appals;
Nor Death his unrelenting soul can tame,
Or from his grasp withhold the glorious meed of Fame:

But let me wander far away
From the loud drum and neighing steed,
Thro' many a pansie-painted mead,
Where Isis' bright-hair'd naiads stray;
High o'er my head a pendant bow'r
Let the broad elm and branching pine

With intermingling umbrage twine;
There Love's impassion'd song I'll pour,
And summon every wave that dances near,
Bridling his wanton speed, my LESBIA's praise to hear.

Where the pale lamp's waining eye,
At ev'ning from some cloyster'd nook
Casts o'er the gloom a lingering look,
There let the Sage his labours ply;
And many a feat of champion bold,
And many a legendary rhime,
Snatch from the sepulchre of time;
And frequent, as the night grows old,
At fear-engender'd forms recoil aghast,
And hear unhallow'd ghosts wail in each hollow blast:

But o'er my haunts with influence bland
Let Ev'ning fling her welcome shade:
Then mid the dance, O beauteous Maid!
Let me thine unreluctant hand
Enraptur'd seize:—or let the lyre,
Obedient to thy soft control,
Bind in harmonious chains my soul,
And ecstasy and bliss inspire:

While to the charmed ear in heav'nly strains,
Enamour'd of thy touch, each trembling chord complains.

Then, Fairest! let my bosom feel
Thy smile's exhilarating pow'r,
Grateful as, mid noon's sultry hour,
The grot where trickling dews congeal:
And, in the rich grape's purple tide
When Joy and genial Pleasure swim,
Do Thou but kiss its chrystal brim,
And, to thy bard the goblet guide;
So shall my song exalt thy praise above
Hebe, who bids o'erflow the nectar'd cup of Jove,

ODE II.

Now hath the Sun his evanescent fires
Quench'd in the billows of the western main:
Sequester'd brakes enshroud the feathery choirs,
And shelt'ring folds th' imprison'd herds retain.

Fall, ye deep shades! unhear'd ye waters roll!
Spread thy dominion, Silence, o'er the grove!
For LESBIA sleeps:—nor cheers my pensive soul
The glance of rapture, nor the voice of love.

Ye Winds, whose havoc-spreading pinions ply
Their furious speed, and with dire yell invade
This nether world, whose wasteful tyranny
Pale Dryads mourn in many a ruin'd shade,

Wake not my love!—let not your thund'ring cry
With dread alarm the haunts of peace infest;
Here breathe in soft Æolian melody
Each cadence sweet that sooths the soul to rest.

Ye Spectres (whom belated pilgrims fear,
Issuing in throngs from charnel, vault, or tomb,
What time deep-shadowing clouds thy radiant sphere,
Cynthia! involve in night's meridian gloom,)

Hence to deserted fane or mouldering hall,
Or the gaunt felon's ruthless course control!
With monitory shriek the wretch appal,
And to compunction wake his torpid soul:

But walk not near the couch where LESBIA lies
Like some rich pearl in its enamell'd shell,
Or sainted relick from profaner eyes
Secluded in the dim shrine's silver cell.

Wanton, ye Fairies! round her tranquil bower,
With blissful elves fantastic measures tread;
O'er her soft eyelids dews of opiate power,
Cull'd from choice blooms, in show'rs of fragrance shed:

Let your bright tapers' visionary ray
The raven-tinctur'd robe of Night illume;
And streaming o'er your spangled crests display
The wave-enamour'd halcyon's emerald plume!

And bid your Minstrel-Fays, a shadowy choir
That charm the planets from their spheres sublime,
Celestial songs, that love and joy inspire,
Chaunt to their golden harps' harmonious chime!

And, when morn's purple streaks th' horizon stain,
And fairies fly the peal of chanticleer,
Let fancy still your glittering hues retain,
Still let your wild notes tremble on her ear!

Then, LESBIA! wake thy beauties, fresher far
Than Galatea boasted when she lav'd
In the smooth deep her coral-axled car,
And the stern heart of Neptune's Son enslav'd!

Wake at his call, to sooth whose soul in vain
Morn sheds her radiant beam, her odorous airs,
Save when, attentive to his artless strain,
That radiant beam, those odours, LESBIA shares.

He asks no laureate wreath to deck his brows,
No golden meed his bounded wishes claim:
Blest if the object of his tenderest vows
Smile on his lay:—for LESBIA'S smile is Fame.

ODE III.

FATE gave with unrelenting speed to fly
The genial hours that Love and LESBIA bless'd;
Sad, on her ear I pour'd the parting sigh,
Sad, on her hand the parting kiss impress'd.

Nor LESBIA, generous maid, her hand withdrew,
Nor did her ear disdain the parting sigh;
Swift to her cheek the living crimson flew,
Soft pity fill'd her breast and sympathy.

There all the gentle Charities reside,
With liberal sentiment, and chaste desire;
And banish cold reserve, and ruthless pride,
That bid affection's trembling flame expire.

" Farewell the Bard," she cried " whose grateful Muse
" Bade many a vocal shade my name resound:
" And, rich in Fancy's visionary hues,
" With many a fairy wreath my tresses bound:

" Still on those artless wreaths shall LESBIA smile,
" Still shall her partial voice applaud thy lay,
" Bid unexpected joy thy cares beguile,
" And hope's pure radiance gild each rising day."

Ah! far from Love, from LESBIA, doom'd to fly,
Cheerless and sad I trace life's gloomy scene,
And faintly hope's far distant ray descry,
While clouds and darkness fill the void between!

The seaman thus the beacon's friendly fires
Dejected views, while the black billows swell,
And from the haven that his soul desires
Remorseless winds his labouring bark repel.

What lenitive can ease the bosom's pain,
What charm the fever of the mind remove?
Can Solitude, can Silence, break the chain
That's forg'd by friendship, sympathy, and love?

Then let me shun the day-star's glittering beam,
And seek in solitary glens repose:
O'er the dim margin of some nameless stream,
Her pendant shade where the sad willow throws.

Or trace the gloom of some sepulchral grove
Where mouldering shrines a death-like stillness breathe;
To all the soft anxieties of love
Insensible as those that sleep beneath.

Delusive hope!—say, where the solitude
That to intrusive Love access denies?
Say, where the hallow'd haunt whose glooms exclude
LESBIA's enchanting form from Fancy's eyes?—

Then bid the flood that swells the wanton vine
O'erflow the lucid vase with roses crown'd;
Prepare the feast—and let the God of Wine
Bathe with his purple balm my amorous wound!

Let the ripe cluster's animating tide
Pervade with genial flow my languid frame,
Till Passion's sad solicitudes subside,
Till fades, all pow'rful Love, thy fatal flame.

Ah! midst the sons of Revelry in vain
Thy captive, LESBIA, struggles to be free!
God of the grape, thy goblets while I drain,
Still sways my breast Love's mightier Deity!—

Let Harmony from her enchanting shell
Pour the sweet note that sooths affliction's sigh:
Now the full chord's deep modulation swell,
Now wake the joy-inspiring symphony;

Such as resounding from thy golden strings,
Divine Alcæus! charm'd hell's shadowy throng;
While combatants renown'd and tyrant kings
Conquer'd or bled in thine immortal song.*

Say, could the voice of Melody subdue
The pangs that tortur'd ghosts were doom'd to bear,
And lull to strange repose the serpent-crew
That hiss, Alecto, in thine iron hair?†

* —te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro —— ——
Pugnas et exactos Tyrannos.

† —— illis carminibus ——
—————— intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues.

Horat. lib. ii. *Ode* 13.

Then let the cares that rend a lover's breast
The magic of that voice resistless prove!—
Still breathes th' enamour'd Bard his fond request
In vain—for Music is the food of Love.

When Eve's mild-echoing songs the vale pervade,
Thy milder accents, Nymph belov'd, I hear:
When the sad lute complains, by fancy's aid
Thy soft expression sooths my ravish'd ear.

Sweet the wild echoes of the valley,—Sweet
Warbles the soft lute's melancholy note:
But strains with richer melody replete
From LESBIA'S lips on gales of fragrance float.—

Not Music, Wine, nor Solitude, can quell
The tumults that this bleeding bosom knows.
Then visit, God of Sleep, my pensive cell,
And to my soul restore its lost repose!

Auspicious to my pray'r the gloomy God
Bids the deep shadows of the night arise;
O'er my lone couch extends his sable rod,
And seals with opiate charm his suppliant's eyes.

Ah! whence that Virgin Bloom, on night's dun pall
Whose glance with pity's mild effulgence beams?
Dear Sov'reign of my soul, at Fancy's call
'Tis LESBIA comes to bless her Poet's dreams!

Less lovely midst the never-fading flowers
Of Paradise the fabled Houri strays!
Less fair the nymphs of Schiras' cypress bowers
That bloom in amorous Hafez' glowing lays!*

Dazzling the Phrygian Boy's enraptur'd sight
Not Venus 'self with charms that rivall'd thine,
'Mid the broad shades of Ida's piny height
To beauty's meed preferr'd her claim divine!

" To Fairy glades, Blest Vision! lead the way,
" O'er sands of gold where liquid chrystal roves;
" Where drinks unclouded summer's genial ray
" Incense exhal'd from aromatic groves:

* Schiras or Scheraz, the capital of Ancient Persia: said to derive its name from Cyrus.—The Poet Hafez, the Anacreon of the East, was entombed in this city, rich in nature's choicest luxuriance, and overshadowed with cypresses of unrivalled elevation and beauty.

" Where o'er each shadowy dell and oak-crown'd steep
" Celestial forms in bright succession glide;
" Where light-rob'd nymphs th' unbending blossoms sweep,
" Or rise in radiance from the tranquil tide:

" Where, LESBIA! as I raise the song to Thee,
" The list'ning Fauns their antic dance refrain;
" And dulcet sounds of airy minstrelsy
" From harps unseen accompany the strain.

" And while th' impassion'd lay thy praises breathes
" Each ruder gale subsides, ambrosial showers
" Embathe the lavish blooms, and living wreaths
" Of brighter green array the magic bow'rs.

" And Love, light hovering in the balmy air,
" Fires his proud torch and nerves his golden bow,
" And braids his roseate bands for Thee, my Fair!
" And bids thy breat his gentlest transports know.

" Thine eyes confess his pow'r:—Stay waining Night!
" Start not, Hyperion, from thine orient goal!
" Ye blissful dreams, ye visions of delight,
" Ye dear delusions, still possess my soul!"—

Dissolving at th' unwelcome gleam of dawn,
The spell that sway'd my captive sense expires:
No liquid chrystal laves the fairy lawn;
No viewless minstrels wake celestial lyres;

No spicy groves unfading foilage spread;
Beneath their nectarine freight no branches bend;
No sylvan bands fantastic measures tread;
No pearl-crown'd sisters from the wave ascend:

The laughing meads where flow'rs spontaneous grew,
The landscape's various grace, the genial skies
In cloudless azure dress'd elude my view;
And glowing Fancy's bright creation dies.

But THOU, blest object of my hopes and fears,
Still shall the Muse's living meed be thine,
While grace enchants, while gentleness endears,
While admiration bends at Beauty's shrine:

LESBIA! for Thee affection's genuine glow
Shall realize gay Fancy's fairy dream:
For Thee, th' impassion'd tear, the lay shall flow,
Warm from my heart while flows life's crimson stream.

ODE IV.

TO LESBIA'S LUTE.

YE powerful strings, from whose vibration flows
Joy's thrilling tide and sadly pleasing woe:
Soothing the sense, yet to the soul's repose
Destructive as the nerve of Cupid's bow!

With gentlest melody in LESBIA'S ear
(If any mortal sounds have pow'r to tell)
Whisper how much I hope—how much I fear—
The pity I implore—the pains I feel.

When her light touch calls forth th' enlivening strain,
Bid rapture float upon the charmed air:
Tell her, when sad th' expressive notes complain:
"So breathes thy bard the sigh of deep despair."

Of yore such sounds, as thrill th' enamour'd breast
When LESBIA's hands the silver chords embrace,
Could lull th' embattled elements to rest,
Bend knotted oaks, and tame a ruthless race:

Yet, LESBIA! like thy lute tho' Orpheus strung
His lyre to strains divine, its amorous Lord
For Thee had left Euridice unsung,
And Pluto's gloomy confines unexplor'd.

ODE V.

TO

THE NAIAD OF GLYMPTON BROOK.

NAIAD, unseen of mortal eyes,
Whose light steps haunt this Current lone,
Where gentle Zephyr's balmy sighs,
With thy wild wave in unison,
Blend their aërial melodies;

Let me to thy deserted shades
Reveal the never-dying flame
That all my pensive soul pervades,
And teach thine echoes LESBIA'S name
Ere the soft light of evening fades!

Unheard, unnotic'd, let me rove
Thy trembling osier wreaths among,
And woo the Muse where none reprove
Affection's unambitious song,
Nor chide the plaint of hopeless love.

There, when the day's dim eyelids close,
Hide me within some shadowy cave;
And, minist'ring to calm repose,
Ah softly bid thy babbling wave
Kiss the dank sedge that round it grows!

No angler's cruel arts are mine,
Ye timid tenants of the brook!
Thrown from my hand no viewless line,
Disguis'd by me no treacherous hook,
Bids you your little lives resign.

Nor this pellucid rill refrain
To sip, ye minstrels of the air!
Your downy plumage to distain
With blood no fatal tube I bear,
Nor pay with death your artless strain.

That breast no savage joys can share,
Where glow Affection's generous fires:
Soft Pity finds her mansion there,
All whom the breath of life inspires
By her own sorrows taught to spare.

Mine, gentle NAIAD! be the dell
Whose clear stream laves thy chrystal grot:
Within its confines let me dwell,
By all but One dear Maid forgot,
And bid a world of cares farewell.

Oft let me view thy trembling tide
Chequer'd with Cynthia's silver light,
What time, in Fancy's train descried,
Before my fascinated sight
Past Joy's illusive phantoms glide.

Hopeless of happier hours to come,
No more array'd in flattering hues
For me the buds of Pleasure bloom:
Yet deigns, at Fancy's call, the Muse
To gild Affliction's deepening gloom.

With LESBIA's praise the strain shall glow;
Oh may she taste each bliss supreme
That hope can paint, or love bestow;
And calm as Glym's sequester'd stream
May her life's gentle current flow!

Wind, lovely Brook, thy murmuring way,
Still with my sorrows sympathize:
So may thy banks fresh flow'rs inlay,
Thy waves in rich redundance rise,
Mild Zephyrs on thy bosom play!

If Zephyr should his breath deny,
My sighs shall fan thy flowery beds:
If parching rays thy channel dry,
The tears desponding Passion sheds
Shall its exhausted stream supply.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

On sapphire throne, o'er Heav'n's unnumber'd fires
The moon in full-orb'd majesty presides;
Calm are the seas, a favouring breeze transpires,
While thro' the waves the Vessel smoothly glides:

Beyond th' horizon's bound the mind extends,
To the sought shores where Hope delusive leads;
And flattering Fancy keen regret suspends
For absent kindred, friends, and native meads:

Till Sympathy from brooding Memory's stores
Culls thorns, and plants them in the bleeding breast;
Sunk into gloom the mind no more explores
Hope's future dawn, and pants in vain for rest.

What tho' the seas are calm, the skies serene,
Thus anguish dictates the desponding strain:
" To Friendship fear presents a gloomier scene,
" The whirlwind's fury and tempestuous main.

" Ev'n now perhaps from many a kindred eye
" My dubious fate compels the generous tear,
" And ev'ry passing cloud that veils the sky
" Chills some fond anxious breast with boding fear.

" In my Love's bosom deeper sorrows roll,
" Frantic with dread she sighs, implores, she raves;
" Whilst Horror paints me, to her sickening soul,
" Dash'd on a rock, or whelm'd beneath the waves."

Father of Heav'n, whose power controls the storms,
O let thy mercy hear a wanderer's pray'r!
Check the wild fears connubial fondness forms,
And save the tender Mourner from despair!

For Me,—whate'er thy sov'reign will shall doom,
Still give me faith to bear that lot resign'd:
That faith which bursts the confines of the tomb,
And, heav'n-aspiring, sooths th' afflicted mind.

PHILEMON.

AN ELEGY.

WHERE shade yon yews the churchyard's lonely bourn,
With faultering step, absorb'd in thought profound,
PHILEMON wends in solitude to mourn,
While Evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud shrieks the blast, the sleety torrent drives,
Wide spreads the tempest's desolating power;
To grief alone PHILEMON reckless lives,
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blast, or shower.

For this the date that stampt his partner's doom;
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath.
"Ah! wilt thou drop one tear on EMMA's tomb?"
She cried: and clos'd each wistful eye in death.

No sighs he breath'd, for anguish riv'd his breast,
Her clay-cold hand he grasp'd, no tears he shed,
'Till fainting nature sunk by grief oppress'd,
And ere distraction came all sense was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd PHILEMON'S woe,
For grief like his life-woven never dies;
And still each year's collected sorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his EMMA'S tomb he sighs.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

FROM GAY.

Go, Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace!
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die!

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there:
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love,

IDEM

LATINÈ REDDITUM.

I, Rosa, deliciæ florum, properare memento
Quà niveo invitat pectore pulchra Chloe!
O, mihi si liceat tali requiescere nido,
Quàm vellem vestro nuncius ire loco!
Sic, O sic positum, rari Phœnicis ad instar,
Fragranti extinctum morte perire juvat!

At, Flos infelix, caveas! formosius ardet,
Dulcè magìs redolet, candidus iste sinus:
Vincendi Nympham spem frustrà pascis inanem;
Èn folia arescunt, ecce recline caput!
Et Flos et Dominus fato moriuntur eodem,
Te flamma invidiæ, Me meus urit amor.

WHITSUNTIDE.

WRITTEN AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE
ON THE IMMEDIATE APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS.

HENCE, thou fur-clad Winter, fly!
Sire of shivering Poverty!
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold
While Thou draw'st the deep cough out:
God of Foot-ball's noisy rout,
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,
The dangerous slide, the snow-ball fray.

But come, thou genial Son of Spring,
WHITSUNTIDE! and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble boy and light,
In slippers red and drawers white,

Who o'er the nicely-measur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary foe.

Or patient take thy quiet stand,
The angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kissing the wave the frequent fly,
Where the trout, with eager spring,
Forms the many-circled ring,
And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.

Or lead where Health, a naiad fair,
With rosy cheek and dripping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Laves in Itchin's crystal-stream.

Thy votaries, rang'd in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view
Greeting the radiant star of light
With Matin Hymn and early rite:

E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To Thee we raise the Choral Song;*
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.

If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For THEE I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming, WHITSUNTIDE.

* A Latin song, called "DOMUM," sung with instrumental accompaniment, on the day before the commencement of their Whitsuntide vacation, by the scholars of Winchester College. The words "Matin Hymn, &c." in the preceding couplet refer to other ancient customs of that venerable seminary.

CHRISTMAS.

HENCE, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade!
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint Fatigue retreat!

Come, CHRISTMAS! father Thou of Mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social ev'ning flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renew'd in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail.
Who, tho' Winter chill the skies,
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course;
Or with unresisted force,

Where Frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting athwart the rapid slide.

Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away;
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply-thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,
While echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well known tally-ho!
Or shew, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare!

Or, if the blast of Winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread,
Marking, thro' the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise:
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where, thro' the pheasant-haunted brake

Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.

For thee of buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive green 's prepar'd:
For, since these delights are thine,
CHRISTMAS, with thy bands I join.

FREE IMITATION OF A LATIN ODE,

BY WALTER DE MAPES,

ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

I.

I'LL in a tavern end my days
'Midst boon companions merry,
Place at my lips a lusty flask
Replete with sparkling sherry,
That angels hov'ring round may cry,
When I lie dead as door-nail:
" Rise, genial Deacon, rise and drink
" Of the well of Life Eternal."

CANTILENA.

I.

MIHI est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cùm venerint Angelorum chori:
" Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!"

II.

'Tis wine the fading lamp of life
Renews with flame celestial,
And elevates th' enraptur'd sense
Above this globe terrestrial:
Be mine the grape's pure juice, unmix'd
With any base ingredient!
Water to heretics I leave,
Sound churchmen have no need on't.

CANTILENA.

II.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna;
Cor imbutum Nectare volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quàm quod aquâ miscuit præsulis Pincerna.

III.

Crosiers for lordly priests provide,
Let warriors wield the truncheon;
I ask no implements beside
A tankard and a luncheon:
Verses and odes without good cheer
I never could indite 'em,
Sure he who meager days devis'd
Is d———d ad infinitum!

CANTILENA.

III.

Suum cuique proprium dat Natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

IV.

When I exhaust the bowl profound
And gen'rous liquor swallow,
Bright as the beverage I imbibe
The gen'rous numbers follow;
Your sneaking water-drinkers all
I utterly condemn 'em,
He that would write like Homer,
Must drink like Agamemnon.

CANTILENA.

IV.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo,
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;
Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices facilè præibo.

v.

Mysteries and prophetic truths,
I never could unfold 'em
Without a flagon of good wine
And a lusty slice of cold ham;
But when my flagon I have drain'd,
And eat what's in the dish up,
Tho' I am but an Archdeacon, I
Can preach like an Archbishop.

CANTILENA.

v.

Mihi nunquàm spiritus prophetiæ datur
Nisi cùm fuerit venter benè satur:
Cùm in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur
In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.

SONG.

To Chloe kind and Chloe fair,
With sparkling eye and flowing hair,
Tune the harp, and raise the song;
Such as to Beauty doth belong!

Let the strain be sweet and clear;
Such as through the listening ear,
In well according harmony,
May with the 'tranced soul agree!

She is Pleasure's blooming Queen:
In the morn more fresh her mien,
When awaken'd from repose,
Than the summer's dewy rose:
In the ev'ning brighter far
Than the ocean-bathed star.

And when Night, the friend of love,
Bids the silent hour improve,
To the ravish'd senses She
Gives joy, and bliss, and ecstasy.

THE

RENOWNED HISTORY AND RARE ACHIEVEMENTS OF JOHN WILKES.

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

DICERE RES GRANDES NOSTRO DAT MUSA POETÆ.

Persius, Sat. 1,

FULL often I have read, inscrib'd
On parchment and on vellum,
The deeds of ancient heroes and
The chances that befel 'em;
And ballads I have heard rehears'd
By harmonists itinerant,
Who modern worthies celebrate,
Yet scarcely make a dinner on't:
Some of whom sprang from noble race,
And some were in pigstye born;

Dependent upon royal grace,
Or triple tree of Tyburn.
And sundry gallants yet unsung,
Who scarcely have their fellows,
Amendments move in parliament,
Or live by mending bellows:
But of all who were or will be sung
In solemn stave or ditty,
There's none can vie with JOHNNY WILKES,
The Chamberlain of the City.

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex,*
They chose him knight of the shire:
And he made a fool of Alderman BULL,
And call'd Parson HORNE *a lyar.*

Homer, for provender and fame,
When he was blind and pennyless,
Descanted of the Spartan Dame
Who a cuckold made of Menelaus:
His heroes' sounding names you've heard,
Whose blood or brains were spill'd in

Troy's siege, as long as Nestor's beard,
Which rooks their nests did build in.
Virgil Æneas sung, of yore
Approv'd a valiant soldier;
Thro' slaughter, smoke, and flame, he bore
His dad upon his shoulder:
(Else had some-swaggering Grecian boy
Soon made a hole in his skin,
And spitted him in burning Troy
To roast like a pork griskin.)
Æneas hence for piety
Was fam'd, or folks belie him;
Yet Helenus was as good as he,
And chaplain to King Priam.
But why the merits do I vaunt
Of chaplain or of layman?
JOHN WILKES was brave as John of Gaunt,
Religious as a Bramin:
Where wit or weapon came in play
Nothing for JOHN was too hard;
He wrote against the King all day,
And at night he fought his Steward.*

* A minute detail of the duel which Mr. Wilkes fought with Lord Talbot, Steward of the Household, is given in "Letters to "and from Mr. Wilkes," published in 1769.

Eke was he Friar of Medenham,*
And liv'd in orthodoxy;
For, when he could not pray himself,
The Monkey was his proxy.

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex*, &c.

Old Shylock, the Jew-broker,
Was both covetous and cruel;
He hoarded up his ducats, and
He dined on watergruel;
And, when Anthonio could not pay
The monies he had borrow'd,
He pull'd out his snickersnee
With imprecations horrid:
"Thy bond is forfeited," he cried,
"The penalty, I ask it;

* For an account of the Monks of Medenham, and the consternation excited among the members of that irreverend order, during the celebration of their scandalous rites, by BROTHER WILKES'S MONKEY, consult the third volume of "CHRYSAL," or "The Adventures of a Guinea." And for a particular description of Medenham Abbey, see the "Letters to "Mr. Wilkes" beforementioned.

" Ay, and a pound of Christian flesh
" I'll cut from thy bread-basket."
But, when poor Sylva John besought
That he would but name his pay-day,
John swore that he had no such word
In his Encyclopedia:
Whereat this patient Israelite
He waxed wondrous ire:
But lo! JOHN chous'd him of his bond,
And he burnt it in the fire.*

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex*, &c.

* Mr. Wilkes, having been repeatedly solicited by Sylva, a Jew, to discharge a bond and other securities, which he had given him to a considerable amount, at length appointed a day and hour for that express purpose, inviting his creditor to breakfast with him at the same time. The Jew, punctual to his engagement, met with the most flattering reception, and sat down to a special dèjunè dinè most exquisitely seasoned with the wit and vivacity of his host, who unlocked his scrutoire and made a display of cash and bank notes, minutely inquiring of Sylva the amount of what he owed him, and whether he had brought with him every receipt which was requisite to exonerate his debtor from future demands. The bond and necessary papers were of course produced, and freely submitted by Sylva (whom the fascinat-

Fair Hannah Snell her farthingale
Pull'd off and, under cover
Of breeches and a soldier's coat,
Pursued her absent lover:
Her bodkin to a pike transform'd,
She brandish'd in her right hand,
And Frenchmen's souls, thro' eyelet holes
I' their carcases, she frighten'd:
This female musqueteer her foes
As flat as flounders laid 'em;
Powder and ball serv'd her instead
Of powder and pomatum.
Paris, for love of Helena,
Kindled a fierce combustion;
Consum'd in flames the town of Troy,
And Priam's breeches fustian.
And great Alcides, son of Jove,
Maugre his strength and valour,

ing pleasantry of his host had thrown intirely off his guard) to Mr. Wilkes's inspection, who, availing himself of the confidence reposed in him, instantaneously committed them to the flames; and seizing the poker, which he had purposely suffered to become red hot in the fire, employed it in keeping his distracted creditor at bay till the bond, &c. &c. were consumed to ashes.

This detail is faithfully given from the statement of the unlucky sufferer himself.

For love of beauteous Omphale
Became a woman's taylor:
He, who th' Augëan stables cleans'd,
A kerchief hemm'd to please her:
Antæus once he squeez'd to death,
But now became mop-squeezer:
Yet all this he endur'd for love,
And eke bore many an hard drub:
But for love of Parson Horne's lac'd coat
JOHN—stole away his Wardrobe.*

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex*, &c.

* The articles comprized in this clerical wardrobe, for the satisfaction of the curious reader, are subjoined, viz.

1 Suit of scarlet and gold,
1 Suit of white and silver, } cloth.
1 Suit of blue and silver; camblet.
1 Suit of flowered silk.
1 Suit of black silk.
1 Black velvet surtout.

These many-coloured Canonicals which our hero, retorting a quotation of Horace upon his quondam intimate, (and, what is no less extraordinary than it is evident from his own letter, misunderstanding the passage itself) calls, the "Vestimenta "pretiosa of Eutrapelus," his reverend Correspondent, it seems,

Mahomet, marching at the head
Of his victorious rabble,
His apostolic mission prov'd
With sword irrefragable;
A heaven of wine and women preach'd,
To make men more devout;
And if he fail'd to turn their brains
His Saracens beat 'em out:
Gabriel took Mahomet to heav'n
And did a mule provide him;
And thus JOHN WILKES to Brentford rode
With Parson Horne beside him:
There 'mongst the men of Middlesex
Renown and fame he got him,
And chosen was to mend the state,
Because 'twas old and rotten:
And Chamberlain was after made
For 's just and righteous dealings;
They wisely trusted to his charge
All their half-crowns and shillings.

entrusted to his custody in May, 1767, and charges him with having pawned in Paris to supply his necessities in the September following. See pages 37, 39, 40, 67. of Controversial Letters of John Wilkes, Esq. &c.—Williams, Fleet-street, 1771.

Then a fig for Mecca's saint, a fig
For Tartar, Turk, or Saracen!
Our Chamberlain, that rascal race,
Excels beyond comparison:
Their Prophet was an arrant cheat;
JOHN WILKES is no impostor:
He cares no more for the Alcoran
Than for the Pater Noster.

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex*, &c.

Renown'd in ancient story was
St. George, the Capadocian,
Whose spear, like turkey-rhubarb, set
The dragon's guts in motion.
Achilles Hector did assail,
Transfix'd him with his javelin,
Then dragg'd him at his horse's tail
Round every Trojan ravelin.
Ryance his mantle lined with beards
Of kings, instead of ermine; *

* See the Ballad:—
"When Arthur, at Camelford, kept his Court royal.'
Reliques of Antient Poetry.

And Arthur's royal chin to shave
With 's broad-sword did determine;
But Arthur quell'd the Welchman's boast,
He kill'd him dead as door-nail,
And sent him down his cheese to toast
At Pluto's fire infernal.
Intrepid Guy of Warwick to
A giant gave defiance,
Cut off his head and made him an
Example to all giants:
A fierce dun cow came in his way,
And on the head he knock'd her;
But valorous JOHN WILKES, he cow'd
Sir William Beauchamp Proctor.

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex*, &c.

King Nebuchadnezzar
Liv'd in a costly palace;
He wore a crown of gold, and drank
Out of a golden chalice:
He was the cock of eastern kings
And Babylon he builded;

His mutton was in silver serv'd
And his gingerbread was gilded.
In Dura's plain, this prince profane,
A golden giant set up,
So big the guildhall giants he
Could both of them have eat up!
A swinging dog, taller than Og,
The monster-king of Basan;
Colbrand and Pantagruel eke
He would have turn'd his —— on.
Forthwith the monarch gave command
That men of every nation
Should to his idol bow the knee,
And pay him adoration:
And certain honest Israelites,
Who disobey'd his motion,
He in a fiery furnace cast,
To kindle their devotion;
To broil and spitchcock 'em like eels
It was his royal pleasure:
Yet scap'd unsear'd each Hebrew beard—
No God-a-mercy—'Nezzar!
For, furnace-proof, Shadrach and Co.
Combustibles were lost on;

Faith had envelop'd them, I trow,
With gabardine ἄκανθον:*
Abash'd the tyrant stood amidst
His parasites and pandars,
To see his bonfire set at nought
By a leash of Salamanders:
But when a brother of their tribe
His bond produced, and boasted
He'd be too hard for WILKES, sly JOHN
The Jew completely *roasted.*

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex,* &c.

Your Ostrich, he will swallow brass,
And iron he loves dearly:
He'll pick up a gross of tenpenny nails
As cocks and hens do barley.
Powell, as some folks take small beer
To cool 'em when they 've drank hard,
Steep'd in his brandy capsicum,
Like burrage in cold tankard:
And redhot coals, instead of rolls,
Ate for his breakfast duly,

* The breast-plate of faith. 1 *Thess.* v.
Who, through faith, quenched the violence of fire. *Hebr.* xi.

Burnt brimstone, gunpowder, and pitch,
To him were soup and bouillie:
Sky-rockets, 'stead of sausages,
Ran hissing down his weasen;
Wash'd down with aqua-fortis strong,
To keep his guts from freezing.
The Dragon of Wantley churches ate,
(He us'd to come on a Sunday)
Whole congregations were to him
A dish of Salmagundi:
He gave no quarter, no not he,
To clergymen or laymen:
Crack'd ev'n the Sexton's jobberknowl,
And spoil'd him for saying amen:
He pouch'd the Prebendaries all,
Who ne'er gave him an ill word;
Snapp'd up the Dean, as snug in his stall
As a maggot in a filbert.
The Corporation worshipful
He valued not an ace,
But swallow'd the Mayor, asleep in his chair,
And pick'd his teeth with the mace.
He brows'd on monumental brass
Fix'd in the wall o' th' cloysters;

And shoals of bawling choristers
He ate, like scallop'd oysters.
He quarrell'd with the steeple clock
And ate him while he was striking;
Bell-ropes he munch'd for chitterlings,
Tho' they wer'n't so much to his liking:
Tombstones and monuments he took
For pills to cool his palate;
And cropt the church-yard yew-trees all—
They serv'd him for a sallad.
The organ that so loud did roar
Devour'd he in his frolick;
And batten'd on the bellows-blower,
For he fear'd not the wind-colick.
To 'scape his sacrilegious maw
This Dragon he gave none chance,
But swallow'd the knave that set the stave,
And felt no qualm of conscience:
Parsons were his black-puddings, and
Fat Aldermen his capons;
And his tid-bit, the collection plate
Brimful of Birmingham halfpence.
Clerks, Curates, Rectors, Bishops ate
This Dragon most uncivil;

And (but he never comes to church)
He would have eat the Devil.
But the men of Aylesbury esteem
JOHN WILKES a greater rarity:
They made Him trustee for their school,
And He swallow'd up the Charity.

CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex,*
They chose him knight of the shire:
And he made a fool of Alderman BULL,
And call'd Parson HORNE *a liar.*

SONG.

THO' Fortune may boast at her shrine
That the world's adoration is paid,
No idol shall she be of mine:
No devotion I owe the blind jade:
Yet rich in affection I live,
For tell me what boon so divine
Has a world of luxuriance to give
As one smile, my dear Mary! of thine?

The glitt'ring distinctions of state
May the envy of sycophants move;
But who would forego, to be great,
Independance, contentment, and love?
Gems and ore do not fall to my share,
But what gem can such transport impart
As one glance of thy kindness, my Fair!
What mine 's half so rich as thy heart?

With Fate let them quarrel that choose,
Chagrin shall ne'er furrow my brow,
To the pray'r of thy swain let the Muse,
Dear Maid! be propitious as Thou.
Then a truce with thy counsels, old Care,
Not a sigh at thy bidding I'll breathe:
For, though sombre the garb that I wear,
Yet light is my heart underneath.

A CRUST
FOR
A CONVEYANCER.

HEAR, with patient attention, a tragical tale,
Which will make our episcopal Synod turn pale,
Who from these simple stanzas—if ever they read 'em—
Will find that the lawyers must soon supersede 'em.
Derry down, &c.

For our Bishops so learn'd, and our Deans orthodox,
And Rectors take little account of their flocks,
But leave unconcern'd their lay-lambs in the lurch:—
So Conveyancers henceforth must govern the church.

The gods—Epicurus averr'd long ago—
With indiff'rence beheld revolutions below;
They drank nectar and feasted, nor cared half-a-crown
Though mankind, like the French, turn'd the globe upside down:

Thus our gossips aver that their lordships in lawn
Have from things of *this* world their attention withdrawn,
And, intent on *the next*, of each church leave the care
To Curates no better than him of Q****'s square.

And in truth to this Curate old Nick ow'd a grudge;
For—although in the pulpit as grave as a judge—
Yet folks, who his conduct have narrowly scann'd,
Say he did not put quite enough starch in his band.

That, besides, he'd imbib'd an heretical notion,
That "a Parson *may laugh*—till he's rais'd to promotion:"
Nay a joke had been heard at a vestry to crack,
And would dabble in rhyme though his coat it was black.

Some, who held themselves censors of no little note,
Said he'd preach better doctrine than—ever he wrote:
But, *what's worst*, in the service, no vacuum or gap,
No pause he'd allow for—good Christians to nap.

Though they own'd, to atone for the last mention'd crime,
He'd engag'd an Assistant who read to slow time:
So, should slumber, in spite of his efforts, o'ertake 'em,
No danger there was that his colleague might wake 'em.—

Yet—as if these *high* crimes were but slight peccadilloes—
The parishioners rested at ease on their pillows,
Their pastors they follow'd, their puddings they ate 'em;
And so they may still—would John H******y let 'em.

A Conveyancer he is—employ him who list:
Forbidding his aspect, and close is his fist;
With more coin in his pocket than brains in his head,
Yet a book he has written that nobody read:*

* The Life of Lord Mansfield.

" Sooner shall ——————————

" Great Mansfield fall by an attorney's hand.

" See a long law-life, in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief " Justice of the King's Bench, by Mr. Holliday, in a very peculiar " style indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports and law " pleadings strung together. It is astonishing to me that conveyancers " and attorneys, *who really appear not to know how to construct a* " *single sentence without provoking a smile at some error in gram-* " *mar, language, or metaphor*, will think themselves qualified to " deliver down to posterity the lives of great men. Luckily Mr. " Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendship and " the verse of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities, " and the dignity of their high exertions, have secured an eternity of " reputation to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, which *can never fall,* " *even by Mr. Holliday's attempt.*"—Pursuits of Literature, 7th edit. page 322.

And projected, besides, a *Commercial Canal,*
Which no water replenish'd, and none ever shall:
Yet the drift on't was such as (to make him amends)
Fill'd his own, while it emptied the fobs of his friends.*

To the gizzard it griev'd this pestiferous Don,
That matters at church went so quietly on.
Thought he: these viles Curates I'll haul o'er the coals,
And jobation bestow—for the good of their souls.

I'm unjustly accounted a niggard, I trow,
Since, if *one hand* withholds, I with *t'other* bestow:
This truth I'll our church reformation make good in;
They shall taste my *rebuke* who ne'er tasted my *pudding.*

But although for her sons I've a tickler of birch,
I've an high veneration for Good Mother Church:
And—unless for reproof when she needs my assistance—
To evince my respect—I still keep at a distance.†

* The reader, who would be more fully informed on this head, will please to consult the *Contributors* to Mr. H's Commercial undertaking, who are *well qualified* to give him the *proper explanation.*

† The pious Conveyancer has *no seat* in his parish church.

To the vestry, indignant, he then stalk'd away,
Where church-wardens and sides-men sat rang'd in array:
And so grim did he look that their conclave astounded
Thought they saw Hamlet's ghost, or Don Quixotte dismounted.

" He was led there"—he said, when he first stood before 'em—
" Lest one should be wanting to make up their quorum:"
Now though this his exordium he knew was a lie,
'Twas but one of a dozen he'd got cut and dry.

Then he open'd and emptied a budget so black,
Of charge and surcharge on divinity's back:
What! charge and surcharge a poor Curate—O fye on't!
But who knows?—he mistook him perhaps for his client.

" In sooth, my good sirs, you two *Parsons* have got:
" One gets on whip and spur, t'other drawls like a sot:
" *One* scampers away, sirs, to preach at Spring Gardens,*
" And, how *t'other* limps after him, cares not three " farthings.

* Spring Garden's Chapel, where the Curate was engaged as morning preacher.

" In charity, sirs, I your case would amend,
" Who, with *two ghostly guides*, can on neither depend—
" For when *one* goes to heaven, by what I can find
" From my gossip's reports, he will leave you behind:

" And I doubt with *the other* no better you'll fare,
" He's so tardy that he nor you scarce will get there:
" Then—which ever you trust to—you'll all be made fools:
" Down your souls must go, dish'd 'twixt two spiritual stools."—

" But all this, I maintain, is no subject of laughter
" Amongst *us sound churchmen* who think on hereafter;
" Then so much for the Next World:—And now, sirs, the bills
" Give me leave to prefer of your Secular ills.

" And I think, I should soften the bowels of Jews,
" When I shew how your Parsons will thin all your pews:
" The Church-wardens' receipts—they'll be not worth a tester;
" Then adieu to roast turkey at Christmas and Easter!

" For I'm credibly told by respectable folks,
" What with this Jack of Styles and that other of Nokes,
" Your two black-coats I mean, whose deserts I've discuss'd
" Quite impartial:—for, faith! I don't know which is worst.

" That confusion at church has took place of devotion,
" Men, women, and children, are all in commotion,
" Girls titter, as if they were looking a farce on,
" When to publish the banns comes your *galloping* Parson:

" And when, in his turn, reads your Reverend *Drone*,
" Your ailes they all cough, all your galleries groan;
" Your wives cry; " Good by t'ye."—Your brats turn their backs,
" And old maids, stiff as buckram, their muscles relax.

" But to strike you with dread, consternation, and awe,
" Know, to boot, the great Lord at the head of the law
" To this scandalous state of affairs is no stranger.
" 'Tis not fit that He should, when the church is in danger.

" This calamitous truth, sirs, it shocks me to mention:
" To have taken a pew was his Lordship's intention,
" And had my good Lord at Q****'s square took a pew,
" Why—perhaps you had seen there John H******y too.

" His Lordship, to shew he was not over nice,
" Condescended to visit your church once or twice;
" And, I'll stake all my *vast Biographical fame!*—
" Twice my Lord went away, sirs, as wise as he came.

" Sirs, believe me, my Lord went away quite disgusted:
" Or—Conveyancer H******y 's not to be trusted!
" And, if there you can catch him again, for your pains
" You shall take out and butter John H******y's brains.

" No,—depend on't, his Lordship has beat his retreat:
" For he since at the Foundling *applied for a seat*,
" Where all things, *of course*, must be done with decorum;
" Since Conveyancer H******y 's one of the quorum."

Thus Conveyancer H******y clos'd his attack,
Thought his worship:—The Curate I've thrown on his back:

I've in Chancery put him;—he ne'er can appeal,
Since sentence against him has pass'd the Great Seal.

The church-bell it rang;—hied the Curate away,
Glad enough to escape with old ladies to pray,
And "Deliver us"—'tis thought in his Litany cried—
"From Conveyancers, Lord, and the Devil beside!"

But when he got home and had wetted his whistle,
Of the noble Law-Lord, in respectful epistle,
To be told if his Lordship's opinion—he pray'd—
Had been by this Conveyancer truly convey'd.

And, whate'er you may think on't, with great condescension
To his query my Lord gave immediate attention;
And absolv'd from all censure the church of Q****'s Square:
For his Lordship—God bless us!—*had never been there!!!*

And obligingly deign'd to inform him beside;
For a seat at the Foundling he ne'er had applied!
And to worship his Maker his Lordship's research
Was confin'd to the pale of his own parish church.—

Then for LYING John H******y who cares a straw?
Let the Tail of the church bless the Head of the law.
And may Providence—mending their morals and dinners—
From Conveyancing Saints guard all Clerical Sinners!

Derry down, &c.

THE NOBLE SANS-CULOTTE.

A BALLAD,

IN HONOUR OF A CERTAIN EARL

WHO STYLED HIMSELF

A SANS-CULOTTE CITIZEN,

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

RANK, character, distinction, fame,
And noble birth forgot,
Hear Stanhope, modest Earl, proclaim
Himself a Sans-Culotte!

Of pomp and splendid circumstance
The vanity he teaches;
And spurns, like Citizen of France,
Both coronet and breeches.

But, thrown away on lordly ears,
His counsel none attend:
No pattern take his brother Peers
By Stanhope's *latter end.*

Let Commoners for Britain's weal
Their patriot bottoms bare:
Lords are no Sans-Culottes:—they veil
That part with special care.

They vaunt aristocratic tails
In silk and velvet 'dight:
And, well accoutred, each assails
With taunts a *naked* wight.

" At one end, says the noble Peer,
" No breeches I retain:
" From this confession we infer
" At t'other end no brain.

" Whoe'er *alike unfurnish'd* views
" Both nether end and upper,
" May swear there's not a pin to choose
" 'Twixt pericrane and crupper."

But what care We for lordly spies,
A ministerial band,
The *nakedness* who scrutinize
Of Opposition land?

What tho' they deem us poor and bare,
Like those lean kine Egyptian—
Patriots there are who breeches wear—
When paid for by *Subscription.*

With nature's buff (tho' *Buff* and *Blue*
Be scant) provided each is:
No fustian if our bottoms shew,
There's *plenty* in—our speeches.

Nay, what if brains and breeches fail,
Let's hear no more about 'em;
Since Stanhope, ay, and L*****dale,
Can make a shift without 'em.

Say, for what purpose and intent
Are brains and breeches fit?
Breeches to *hide* our shame are meant,
Brains serve to *shew* our wit.

Then, to the case in point you know,
Both must be misapplied
Till L*****dale has wit to shew,
And Stanhope shame to hide.—

God save King George, and give his grace
To George the Prince of Wales;
And to all British Peers a case,
Wherein to keep their tails!

Queen Charlotte's welfare Heav'n promote,
And show'r its gifts upon her;
And from each noble Sans-Culotte
Defend the Maids of Honour!

BALLAD

ON THE BREAKING OF THE WATER-HEAD, NEAR WINDSOR GREAT PARK, COMMONLY CALLED THE POND-HEAD.

WHEN *** was employ'd to construct the Pond Head,
As he ponder'd the task, to himself thus he said:
" Since a Head I must make, what's a head but a Noddle?
" So I think I had best take my own for a model."
Derry down, &c.

Then his work our Projector began out of hand,
The outside he constructed with rubbish and sand,
But brains on this Head had been quite thrown away,
Those he kept for himself, so he lined it with clay.

An head thus compacted and well put together
Bade defiance, he thought, both to water and weather,
With profound admiration must strike all beholders,
And all heads must surpass but the head on his shoulders.

The fam'd Friar Bacon he 'counted an ass,
Tho' the head that He made was a blockhead of brass;
And he little suspected it e'er should be said,
That himself all this while was not right in his Head.

But the water at length, to his utter dismay,
A bank-ruptcy made, and his Head ran away;
'Twas a thick head for certain; but, had it been thicker,
No head can endure that is always in liquor.

It was owing no doubt to some capital error,
That one Broken Head struck the country with terror;
Yet 'twas well for the folks whom this deluge surrounded
That, born to be hang'd, there were none of them drowned.

Trump's Mill in the bottom was never supplied,
Since first it went round, with so plenteous a tide:
Yet the Miller he wish'd that our Head-maker's skill
Less water had sent and more grist to his mill.

Our Projector in truth left him little to brag on,
When his meal-sacks march'd off without horses or waggon;
And to rescue himself he must fain stir his stumps:
Such an odd trick was play'd on this Miller of Trump's!

Yet *** full as ill as the Miller has sped,
And atones for his fault with the loss of his Head:
Tho' some folks will tell you, (believe 'em who list)
Long ago had he lost it, 't would ne'er have been miss'd.

Now, although I must own 'tis a difficult case,
In discussing this head, to preserve a grave face;
More compassion its Maker may challenge than satire,
Since 'tis plain that he can't keep his Head above water.

This at least may be urg'd in his favour I deem;
His is not the first Head which has gone with the stream:
And—as for his Honour—'tis safe you may swear,
Since Butler has told us that lodges elsewhere.*

Hence, by way of a Moral, the fallacy 's shewn
Of the maxim that Two Heads are better than One;
For none e'er was so scurvily dealt with before,
By the Head that he made, and the Head that he wore.

Derry down, &c.

* —— Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as light'ning in the br—ch,
Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts Honour than deep wounds before.

Hudibras, Part ii. *c.* 3.

WILLIAM OF WICKHAM,

A SONG,

FOR THE WICCAMICAL ANNIVERSARY, HELD AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN.

I SING not your heroes of ancient romance:
Capadocian George, or Saint Dennis of France;
No chronicler I am
Of Troy and King Priam,
And those crafty old Greeks who to fritters did fry 'em:
But your voices, brave boys, one and all I bespeak 'em,
In due celebration of WILLIAM of WICKHAM.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, at the Crown and the Anchor,*
The flask never quit 'till clean out they have drank her;
And united maintain, whether sober or mellow,
That old BILLY WICKHAM *was a very fine fellow.*

Hear the Lover, you'll learn, from his tragical stories
Of hard-hearted Phœbe, Corinna, and Chloris,
For some sempstress or starcher
That rascally archer
Call'd Cupid, has made him as mad as a March hare:
But at WICKHAM'S brave boys should he brandish his dart,
We'll drown the blind rogue in a Winchester quart.

CHORUS.

For WICKHAM'S *brave boys, &c.*

Let the Soldier, who prates about storming the trenches
Of fortified towns, and of fair-visag'd wenches,
My numbers give heed to,
And, drinking as we do,
Shut up in its scabbard his martial toledo:
For we too shed blood, yet all danger escape,
Since the blood that we shed is the blood of the grape.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, &c.*

Let Lawyers, accustom'd to quarrel and brawl,
Play the devil as usual in Westminster Hall,
Reputations bespatter,
Yet thrive and grow fatter,
While they dash wrong and right up as cookmaids do batter:
Here good fellowship reigns and, what's stranger by far,
No mischief ensues from a call to the Bar.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, &c.*

The Empiric profound, who in heathenish Latin
Such potions prescribes as might poison old Satan,
With blister and bolus
And draught would cajole us,
'Till snug under ground he has clapt in a hole us:
But the wise sons of WICKHAM his regimen slight,
They swallow no draughts but of red wine and white.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, &c.*

Let Whig Rhetoricians our rulers defame,
And hungry Sedition's republican flame
Foment, and throw chips on,
Independance their lips on,
While they incense a mob, and exist by Subscription:
Here of Liberty's Tree if for scyons they search,
They'll instead catch a tartar,—Wiccamical Birch.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, &c.*

Ye Poetical tribe, on Parnassus who forage,
Who prate of Jove's nectar and Helicon-porridge,
Yet, for beef-stakes and brandy,
Set each Jack-a-dandy
On a level with Frederick, or Prince Ferdinandy:
What's the sword of King Arthur, or Admiral Hosier,
To WILLIAM of WICKHAM and his jolly old Crosier!

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S *brave boys, at the Crown and the Anchor,*
The flask never quit 'till clean out they have drank her;
And united maintain, whether sober or mellow,
That old BILLY WICKHAM *was a very fine fellow.*

THE HERMITAGE.

BENEATH thy shelter, LOWLY CELL!
How blest is he who bids farewell
The world, and vain delights foregoes
For calm content, and bland repose!

Can the dome of costly mould,
Fretted arch emboss'd with gold,
Lavish sculpture's proud design,
Sooth the soul with charms like thine?

I love thy solitary gloom,
I love the roses wild that bloom
Around thy porch—I love to trace
Thy precincts, where each simple grace
Surpasses all that art hath plann'd;
Thy roof of spar, and floor of sand,

Thy thick-wove thatch with moss o'ergrown,
Thy whispering rill, whose current lone
The ozier flings its wreaths aslant,
And sapphire-plumed halcyons haunt:
And, stretch'd thy rushy couch along,
To listen to the blackbird's song,
Hear him his amorous pains relate
Melodious to his jetty mate.
While faintly born upon the breeze
The dove's responsive murmurs please;
And from the sheep-cote in the dell
Soft tinkling chimes the weather's bell,
Accordant to the chearful strain
Of milk-maid blithe, and whistling swain.

And, ere the western waves absorb
The beams of Day's refulgent orb,
I love to traverse, unespied,
Thy beach-clad hillock's verdant side,
O'er each dun brake and shadowy dell,
While Fancy breathes her magic spell,
Assembling all her sylvan clan,
Her dryads, fauns, and laughing Pan;

Or calls the Muses from the spheres
With heavenly strains to soothe mine ears,
Or conjures up äerial forms
To marshal all the fairy swarms
That quaff their acorn cups, and sing,
And frisk, and dance in sportive ring,
Tinging, where'er their tracks are seen,
The circled sward with richer green.

Or wend with Meditation thro'
The deep, umbrageous avenue
Emerging oft, the groves between,
On flowery lawn, or pasture green,
Or upland, whence, to feast my sight
A thousand beauteous scenes unite;
The venerable oaks that wear
The rich robe of the waining year,
Studded with sails the river's tide,
Diffusing wealth and verdure wide;
Tall cliffs illumin'd with the gleam
Of downward Titan's glowing beam,
The fleecy tribes that seek their fold,
Empurpled clouds with skirts of gold,

Redundant sheaves of ripen'd grain,
And shadows lenghthening on the plain:
Till, summon'd by the curfew's sound,
While falling dews embathe the ground,
Again I seek the friendly shade
From whence my devious steps have stray'd,
Repass the lawn, and hawthorn dell,
Regain thy shelter, LOWLY CELL!
There spread my board with simplest fare;
Supremely blest if CYNTHIA share
The mellow treasures Autumn gives,
The beverage nectar-yielding hives
To crown my rural cheer impart,
And yield me in return her heart.

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

Qui facere assuerat——
Candida de Nigris. *Ovid Met.*

Who bleach'd with lather jowls unshorn,
Though blacker than the devil's horn.

In Liquorpond-street, as is well known to many,
An Artist resided who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three-halfpence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw, for a groat, every tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose,
For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he dined on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter,
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the Minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination;
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
'Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The Fair One, whose charms did the Barber enthral,
At the end of Fleet Market of fish kept a stall:
As red as her cheek no boil'd lobster was seen,
Not an eel that she sold was as soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temperate, and cold;
Thus the heart of our Barber love scorch'd to a coal,
Tho' 'tis very well known he liv'd under the Pole.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion:
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deserv'd the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, tho' he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he 'd took by the nose.

He was known for a patriot staunch, and his shop
The resort of each true constitutional Crop:
The Whig Club, of worth patriotic the nursery,
He *gratis* had shav'd on their grand anniversary.

Thus this Knight of the Bason confounded together
Courage, politics, love, desperation, and lather:
But his hard-hearted Mistress, she set him at nought;
No gudgeon was she, nor so easily caught.

Indignant She answer'd: " No chin-scraping sot
" Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot:
" No!—to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie,
" Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry.

" Holborn-bridge and Black-friars my triumphs can tell,
" From Billingsgate beauties I've long born the bell:
" Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour—
" Then d'ye think I'll take up with a Twopenny Shaver?

" Let dory, or turbot, the sov'reign of fish,
" Cheek by jowl with red herring be serv'd in one dish;
" Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
" When I angle for husbands and barbers shall bite."

But the Barber persisted (Ah, could I relate 'em!)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;
And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you 'd tickle a trout,
'Gainst the Barber the Fishwife no more could hold out,
He applied the right bait, 'twas with flattery he caught her;
Without flattery a female 's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the Barber once guess'd
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd;

With profuse panegyric his charmer preferring
To maids, widows, and wives, fish, flesh, and red herring.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did sō burn,
They set off for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace came, from every quarter,
The worthies at Rag Fair old caxons who barter;
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors' nobs
Cut down into majors, queus, scratches, and bobs:

Musclemongers and oystermen, crimps, and coalhēavers,
And butchers with marrowbones smiting their cleavers;
Blind fidlers and bag-pipers, taylors and tylers,
Bawds, boot-catchers, bailiffs, and blackpudding-boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham Court Road:
While Saint Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clear
ring,
You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their
hearing.

For his fee—when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no Cash was forth-coming, he took it *in kind:*
So the Bridegroom dismantled his rev'rence's chin,
And the Bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

A MORSEL FOR A MUSSULMAN:

OR,

A REVELATION OF THE FUTURE STATE OF DECEASED FEMALES,

IN REFUTATION OF THE SUPPOSED MAHOMETAN DOCTRINE, ASSERTING THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS, AND ARE EXCLUDED FROM PARADISE.

——— Non Me impia namque
Tartara habent tristesque umbræ: sed amœna——
Concilia Elysiumque colo. *Virg. Æn.* i. 5.

From the blest realms where Paradise displays
Her empyrëan splendour's ceaseless blaze,
And bids her groves of vegetable gold
To genial gales immortal blooms unfold;
From nectar'd streams where Houris, heavenly-fair,
Bathe the bright tresses of their odorous hair;
To Zeineb, loveliest of the passive train,
That 'midst the Haram's hated glooms complain,
Alzira's happy shade appearing, steals
A pause from bliss, and thus her state reveals:

" Say to the tyrant man, whose pride denies
" Thy sex a Soul, and bars them from the skies,
" That when the date of female worth expires,
" And sickening Nature yields her latest fires,
" When beams no more the lustre of the eye,
" And Death o'er Beauty hails his victory,
" To life by Fate recall'd, the Sex assume
" Celestial charms, and never-fading bloom;
" In roseate bowers recline, or blissful rove
" Thro' scenes of boundless joy and rapturous love;
" That there, so Heaven ordains, a blooming band
" Of youths, obsequious to each Fair's command,
" Attentive waits, and, as her fancy wills,
" Each task of duty or of love fulfills.—

" Then to the peremptory tyrant say:
" Who hopes this lot in Heav'n must here obey,
" Bow to superior worth, to sense refin'd,
" Bless the benignant sway of womankind,
" Hail the fair fabric of an hand divine,
" And own the soul that animates the shrine.—
" Or, driv'n for ever from the realms above,
" His soul in vain shall pant for heavenly love."

SONNET.

TO THE RED-BREAST.

When that the fields put on their gay attire
Silent Thou sitst near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the glad Thrush sings loud from covert dim:
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim:
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to Me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song.
Sweet Bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like Thee, myself have pleas'd the rustic throng;
And oft, for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told, and ditty long.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT A FARM.

AROUND my porch and lowly casement spread
The myrtle never sear, and gadding vine,
With fragrant sweetbriar loves to intertwine;
And in my garden 's box-encircled bed
The pansie pied, the musk-rose, white and red,
The pink and tulip, and honied woodbine,
Fling odours round; the flaunting eglantine
Decks my trim fence, 'neath which, by Silence led,
The Wren hath wisely fram'd her mossy cell;
And, far from noise in courtly land so rife,
Nestles her young to rest and warbles well:
Here in this safe retreat and peaceful glen
I pass my sober moments, far from men,
Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

THE PARADOX:

OR,

NED FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS.

——— cave ne titubes. *Hor. Ep. l.* i. *ep.* 18.

EMPTY the flask, discharg'd the score,
NED stagger'd from the tavern door,
And falling, in his drunken fits,
Crippled his nose and lost his wits;
But, from the kennel soon emerging,
His nose repairs by help of surgeon:
That done, the leech peeps in his brain
To find his Wits,—but peeps in vain.
"'Tis hard," the patient cries, "to lose
"Wits not a whit the worse for use;
"Wits which I always laid aside
"For great occasions, cut and dried;"
('Tho' here the case was falsely put:
His wits were dried, himself was cut.)

" Wits like the Continental Aloe,
" That for a century lies fallow;
" Wits never prodigally wasted;
" Like choice conserves, but rarely tasted:
" Wits husbanded, not spent at random;
" Cork'd up like cordials for my grandam:
" Wits, which, if all your wealth could buy—sir,
" You would not be a jot the wiser."

Tho' plain appear'd in ev'ry face
A fellow-feeling of his case,
Yet still, to shew *their* wits were sound,
His boon companions throng around,
And sagely, one and all, accost him;
" Zounds, NED! I wonder how you lost 'em!"

Ah! let them drink their port in peace,
For miracles will never cease!
And, if NED's loss of wits astound 'em,
Zounds!—how they'll wonder when he 's found 'em!

ADDRESS

OF AN INDIAN GIRL TO AN ADDER.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740,

BY A SCHOLAR OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

STAY, stay, thou lovely fearful Snake!
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake;
But let me oft thy form review,
Thy sparkling eyes, and golden hue:
From thence a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then, ages hence, when Thou no more
Shalt glide along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;
Thy vermeil red and living green
In mimic folds thou shalt display:
Stay, lovely, fearful ADDER, stay!

EPITAPHIUM SUSANNÆ SERLE,

IN ECCLESIA DE TESTWOOD, IN COMITATU HANT.

CONJUX chara Vale!—Tibi, Maritus,
Hoc pono memori manu sepulchrum:
At quales lacrymas Tibi rependam,
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde
Quâm constans, animo neque impotente,
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis!—
Quòd si pro meritis vel Ipse flerem,
Quo fletu tua Te relicta Proles,
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem!
At quorsùm lachrymæ?—Valeto, raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

TO A GRASSHOPPER.

IMITATION FROM THE GREEK.

Μακαρίζομέν σε τέττιξ. *Anthol.*

HAPPIEST of the insect throng,
Who, the verdant bowers among
Where the rose of richest hue,
Crimson pink, and violet blue,
By soft breath of Zephyr fann'd,
Fling around their odours bland,
Lov'st thy small melodious lip
In the new-fall'n dew to dip:
The amaranth, and eglantine,
And all the fields produce is thine;
All her treasures, all her stores,
Nature for thy use explores:
Thee the nymphs and swains revere,
Golden Summer's harbinger!
Thee, the favourite of the Nine,
Phœbus grac'd with song divine:
Fit to dwell the Gods among,
Happiest of the Insect throng!

IMITATION FROM THE GREEK.

Μυν Ασκληπιαδης ὁ φιλαργυρος, κ. τ. λ.

Anthol.

OLD ELWES once espied a Mouse
In the *Dry Corner* of his house:*
And, though he had no cause to fear,
"Curse you!" quoth he, "what do you here?"
The Mouse indignant rais'd his head,
And thus, but without passion, said:

* While his relation, the late Colonel Tims, was visiting Mr. Elwes at his house at Marcham, in Berkshire, a heavy shower falling in the night, he found the rain dropping through the cieling upon his bed, on which he immediately rose and moved the bed from its place; he had, however, scarcely got into it again ere he found the same inconvenience recur and oblige him to have recourse a second time to the same experiment, which still proved ineffectual. At length, after having pushed his bed quite round the room, he gained a corner where the cieling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he encountered his host at breakfast, he told him what had happened.—"Aye, aye!" said the old gentlemen, seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that is "a *nice Corner*, in the rain."—See the Life of John Elwes, Esq. page 13.

" No mouse alive would hither come
" That had on earth another home.
" 'Tis not the risk we run, not that;
" You ha'n't the heart to keep a cat.
" Then traps we know, are never set,
" And why? because you grudge the bait.
" We 're in security, I grant,
" But, safe from danger, die for want:
" Tho' I should lodge here, why fear you?
" When do YOU roast, or bake, or brew?
" The Mouse that trusted to your shelf
" Would soon grow leaner than Yourself;
" For never a morsel did I see
" To put to the test my honesty.
" But I disdain, Sir, to intrude
" After your speech so gross and rude;
" And think not that I make pretence,
" Upon my honour I'll go hence:
" For in the rest of all your house
" There's no fit lodging for a MOUSE."

LINES

ON THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1778.

UPON a trestle PIG was laid,
And a sad squealing sure it made;
KILL-PIG stood by with knife and steel:
" Lie quiet, can't you!—Why d'ye squeal?
" Have I not fed you with my pease,
" And now, for trifles such as these
" Will you rebel?—Brimful of victual,
" Won't you be kill'd and cur'd a little?"
To whom thus PIGGY in reply:
" Think'st thou that I shall quiet lie,
" And that for pease my life I'll barter?"—
" Then PIGGY, you must shew your charter;
" Shew you 're exempted more than others,
" Else go to pot like all your brothers.—

[*Pig struggles.*

" Help, neighbours! help!—this Pig 's so strong,
" I think I cannot hold him long.
" Help, neighbours! I can't keep him under!
" Where are ye all?—See, by your blunder,
" He's burst his cords!—A brute uncivil,
" He's gone!—I'll after."—

[*Exit Pig, and Kill-pig after him with the knife, &c.*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

To the devil! &c.

EXTEMPORE

ON A SNARLING AGENT OF LORD A*******'S AT WHITEHAM, NEAR OXFORD.

I AM his Lordship's DOG at Whiteham,
And whom he bids me bite, I bite 'em.

THE SYSTEM SHATTERED.

Strenua Nos exercet Inertia. *Hor.*

See clamorous Ch****s—who tooth and nail
Administration fought—turn tail,
And sullen from the House secede
Where none his *trite* invective heed!
" Inaction I'll indulge," he cries;
" The mob have too much sense to rise:
" And, in this dearth of knaves and fools,
" I cannot work without my *tools:*
" Nay what 'though of our club the chair I
" Adorn, as grand Whig-Luminary,
" Dispensing patriotic sunshine,
" While we exhaust the brandy puncheon;
" Yet, says the history divine,
" ' The Sun stood still;'—Then so shall mine:
" And—till its warmth Sedition's egg
" Has hatch'd—I will not stir a peg:

" But, while I drink " Success to Faction,"
" Maintain my system of inaction,
" And to all effort give remission,
" Torpedo of the Opposition."
He ended——When his *chère amie*
Bet A*******—sitting on his knee—
Anxious the rash resolve to check,
Threw her white arms about his neck:
" Alas, this system of inaction
" Dear Ch****s, has in thy skull a crack shewn!"—
" Zounds," cried the patriot—while she kiss'd him—
" You baggage—you've destroy'd my system!"

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN SOMNIS VIDERAT HERMOGENEM.

Reges occidunt verbis, basiliscus ocello,
Aëre desævit pestis, et ore leo:
Esse tamen Medicis propriora negotia Fati
Creditur, Umbra eadem est Mortis et Hermogenis.

LONGA DIES IGITUR QUID CONTULIT?

Longa Dies igitur quid contulit, Optime quæris?
Noctem, ni fallor, contulit illa brevem.

IN TONSOREM VERSIFICANTEM.

Quid Tibi cum Phæbo?—non est Barbatus Apollo.

EPITAPHIUM JUVENIS QUI PROPTER AMOREM "MOLLY STONE" MORTEM SIBI CONSCIVIT.

Molly fuit Saxum; si Saxum Molle fuisset
Non foret Hic subtùs, sed superesset Eam.

IN ILLUSTRISSIMAM DOMINAM——
IN AGRO BLENH——ἐπερῶσαν.

Salve! Regia Virgo, quæ recenti
Largè nostra rigas vireta rivo!—
O, quæ tam benè mingis et benignè,
Vero nomine dicta Principissa!

EPIGRAMS.

ON A FAVOURITE DOG, WHO REGULARLY ACCOMPANIED HIS MISTRESS TO CHURCH.

'Tis held by folks of deep research,
He 's a good Dog who goes to church:
As good I hold him every whit
Who stays at home and turns the spit.
For 'though good Dogs to church may go,
Yet going there don't make them so.

While Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames.—
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no lives lost, Richard, in this Fire?"

IGNOTUM OMNE PRO MAGNIFICO.

AVERSE to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopt straw AVARO feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of Corn!

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE;

SUBMITTED TO A LATE DIGNITARY OF THE CHURCH

ON

HIS NARCOTIC EXPOSITION OF THE FOLLOWING TEXT

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

BY our PASTOR perplext,
How shall we determine?—
"Watch and pray," says the TEXT,
"Go to sleep," says the SERMON.

SOME of the BREAD with which the French fed their prisoners of war, having been brought to this Country, was analyzed by the direction of LORD GRENVILLE; and found to have been made of horse-beans, together with some ingredients of a coarser quality, mixed with a certain proportion of common Sand.

EPIGRAM.

SAY why with SAND, instead of Wheat,
France kneads her captive's crust?—
'Tis but to execute her threat:
"My foes shall bite the dust."

IMPROMPTU,

IN ADMIRATION OF THE DOWNY LUXURIANCE FAINTLY SHADOWING THE LOWER HEMISPHERE OF AN HEAVENLY COUNTENANCE.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS* all angels supposes
With beards are provided as well as with noses:
Yet no text has been found to confirm what he saith,
And make it an item of orthodox faith.—
Sure to help a lame Saint o'er a stile is no sin!
"You 'll find *chapter* and *verse*, Tom, on Caroline's chin."

* A celebrated teacher of school-divinity in the universities of Italy, about the middle of the thirteenth century, commonly called the Angelical Doctor.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

DICK,

AN ACADEMICAL CAT.

——Mi-Cat inter omnes.—*Hor. Carm. lib.* i. *ode* 12.

Ye Rats, in triumph elevate your ears!
Exult, ye Mice!—for Fate's abhorred shears
Of Dick's nine lives have slit the catguts nine
Henceforth he mews 'midst choirs of Cats divine!
Though nine successive lives protract their date,
E'en Cats themselves obey the call of Fate;
Whose formidable fiat sets afloat
Mortals, and mortal Cats, in Charon's boat:
Fate, who Cats, Dogs, and Doctors makes his prize
That grace Great Britain's Universities.

Where were ye, nymphs,—when to the silent coast
Of gloomy Acheron Dick travell'd post?

Where were ye, Muses, in that deathful hour?—
Say, did ye haunt the literary bower
Where Science sends her sons in stockings blue
To barter praise for soup with Montague?
Or point prepare for Boswel's anecdote,
Or songs inspire, and fit 'em to his throat?—
For not on Isis' classic shores ye stray'd,
Nor brew'd with Cherwell's wave your lemonade;
Nor assignations kept with grizzled elves,
Where learning sleeps on Bodley's groaning shelves;
Nor, where no poet glows with kindred fire,
Wept o'er your favourite WARTON's silent lyre.

While venal Cats (leagued with degenerate curs,
Of faded prudes the four-legg'd pensioners)
On the soft sofa rang'd in order due,
For eleemosynary muffin mew,
Regardless of the meed that Fame bestows,
Their tail a feather for each wind that blows;
Thee, generous DICK, the Cat-controlling powers
Ordain'd to mouse in academic bower's:
Bade thee the sacred stream of sapience sip,
And in Pïerean cream thy whiskers dip!

Enshrin'd celestial cateries among,
The sable matron, from whose loins he sprung,
Who traced her high descent through ages dark
From Cats that caterwaul'd in Noah's Ark,
Stern, brindled nurse, with unremitting care,
To high achievements train'd her tabby heir;
On patriot Cats his young attention fix'd,
And many a cuff with grave instruction mix'd;
Taught the great truth, to half his race unknown:
" Cats are not kitten'd for themselves alone;
" But hold from Heav'n their delegated claws,
" Guardians of larders, liberties, and laws."

" Let Cats and Catlings of ignoble line
" Slumber in bee-hive chairs, in dairies dine;
" Shun thou the shades of Cat-enfeebling ease!
" Watch o'er the weal of Rhedycinian cheese;
" The melting marble of collegiate brawn
" For heads of houses guard, and lords in lawn;
" And keep each recreant rat and mouse in awe
" That dares to shew his nose in Golgotha.*

* Golgotha, " the place of a scull," a name ludicrously appropriated to the place in which the Heads of Colleges assemble.

" So may the brightest honours of the gown
" Thy riper years and active virtue crown!—
" Say, shall not cats, fraught with ethereal fire,*
" To seats of lettered eminence aspire?—
" Caligula a consul made his steed;
" What though the beast could neither write nor read,
" Yet could he talents negative display,
" And silence Opposition with his neigh.
" If Charles of Sweden swore he would depute,
" The senate to control, his old jack boot;
" If modern taste a LEARNED PIG reveres,
" And pigs unlearn'd keep company with peers;†
" If erst Rome's papal crown a gossip wore,
" Then, DICK, thou may'st become Vice-chancellor.

" Might I but live, though crazy, old, and sick,
" To see thee stalk behind thy beadles, DICK!
" Behold, my brindled boy, with conscious pride
" O'er convocated grizzle-wigs preside!
" Hear thee, e'er I explore my latest home,
" Confer degrees in Sheldon's spacious dome!

* Electrical sparks may be elicited by friction from a cat's back.

† The social porker here alluded to, is well known to have been the assiduous companion of Lord M—t Edg——'s excursions.

" See thee in scarlet robe encase thy fur,
" And at Saint Mary's venerably purr!—
" Then let me be translated to the skies,
" And close in welcome death these gooseb'ry eyes!

" Yet think not, darling DICK, that fame allows
" Her glorious palm, unearn'd, to grace thy brows:
" By toil Herculean, and profound research,
" Expect to thrive in politics or church!
" The herd who worship at preferment's shrine
" No servile task, no sacrifice, decline;
" Courtiers for coronets their conscience pawn,
" Clerks in prunello crawl, then soar in lawn.
" See, with the riband grac'd and radiant star,
" The chief that waged the Continental war!
" Such palms diminish'd realms can yet afford
" To patriotic H**e's *protracting* sword!
" See Wilkes, entrusted with the City Key
" Till he made fools of all the Livery!
" See grov'ling S**** the wealth of India share:
" He taught the Hindù race to feed on air!

" Mark the career of Rhedycina's bard;—
" Not such his toil, not such his vast reward.

" Glean'd from antiquity's exhaustless mine,
" He bade the gems of science brighter shine;
" His care retriev'd each venerable name
" Reft by Oblivion from the rolls of Fame,
" And with new glory crown'd the strains sublime
" That echoed from the harps of elder time.
" 'Twas his 'midst mouldering palms of chivalry,
" To braid the deathless blooms of poesy;
" On learning's gloom the rays of taste to pour,
" And gild with genuine wit the social hour;
" Affection and applause alike he shar'd;
" All lov'd the man, all venerate the bard:
" Ev'n Prejudice his fate afflicted hears,
" And letter'd Envy sheds reluctant tears.—

" Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,
" Candour and wit—behold the Recompence!
" No sinecure, no venerable stall,
" He fills, o'ercanopied with crimson pall;
" No choir obsequious waits his dread commands,
" Where supple vergers pace with silver wands;
" Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme,
" Divinity entranc'd in mitrous dream:

" No coin his meed—for classic fobs unfit—
" For, ah! what fellowship has wealth with wit!
" Such worth the Laurel could alone repay,
" Profan'd by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray;*
" Yet hence its wreath shall new distinction claim,
" And, though it gave not, take from WARTON fame."

While glory's steep ascent Grimalkin shews,
DICK'S breast with emulative ardour glows;
His emerald eyes with richer radiance roll,
And all the Cat awakens in his soul.
Within the tender velvet of his paw,
Though yet unbloodied, lurks each virgin claw,
Anticipated palms his hope descries,
And conquests gain'd o'er visionary mice:
Though much for milk, more for renown he mews,
And nobler objects than his tail pursues.

O, could I call the Muses from their spheres
To sing the triumphs of his riper years!

* On the death of Cibber, the place of Poet Laureate was offered by Lord John Cavendish, at the desire of the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, to Mr. Gray, who refused to accept it.
See Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray.

What strife the larder's conscious shelves beheld!
What congregated rats his valour quell'd!
What mice descended, at each direful blow,
To nibble brimstone in the realms below!—
The victor, who his foes in furious mood
Hurl'd from the Granic to the Stygian flood;
Churchill, whose bounty fainting Frenchmen gave
Soup-meagre gratis in the Danube's wave;
Heathfield, whose red-hot vengeance Spain defied,
Blist'ring, like Spanish flies, old Neptune's hide;
Who plung'd his enemies, a whisker'd group,
In green waves twice as hot as green pease' soup,
While Fate on Calpe's summit sat and smil'd
To see the dingy Dons like lobsters boil'd,
Or by the lightning of the exploded shell
Dispatch'd to seek a cooler birth in hell—
All heroes, bloody, brave, or politic,
All, all should yield pre-eminence to DICK:
And everlasting laurels, thick as hops,
Wreath their bright foliage round his brindled chops.

Mysterious powers who rule the destinies
Of conquerors and kings, of cats and mice,

Why did your will the Pylian chief decree
Three centuries, unspectacled, to see,
Yet summon'd from his patriot toils away
Illustrious DICK, before his beard was grey?
Of valour, sense, or skill, how vain the boast!—
DICK seeks the shades, an undistinguish'd ghost,
And turns his tail on this terrestrial ball,
Dismiss'd without Mandamus Medical;
Sent, without purge or catapotium,
In prime of cat-hood to the catacomb;
No doctor fee'd, no regimen advis'd,
Unpill'd, unpoultic'd, unphlebotomiz'd!

Ye sage divines, if so concise our span,
Who for preferment would turn Cat in pan?
Since Clergymen and Cats one fate betides,
And worms shall eat their sermons and their hides!

Polecats, who DICK'S disastrous end survive,
Shall bless their stars that they still stink alive;
Muskcats shall feel a melancholy qualm,
And with their sweets departed DICK embalm;
Cats in each clime and latitude that dwell,
Brown, sable, sandy, grey, and tortoiseshell,

Of titles obsolete, or yet in use,
Tom, Tybert, Roger, Rutterkin,* or Puss;
Cats who with wayward hags the moon control,
Unchain the winds, and bid the thunders roll;
Brave in enchanted sieves the boist'rous main,
And royal barks with adverse blasts detain;†
Nay, Two-legg'd Cats, as well as Cats with four,
Shall DICK's irreparable loss deplore.

* Rutterkin.—A cat of this name was cater-cousin to the great great great great great great great great grandmother of Grimalkin; and first cat in the caterie of an old woman, who was tried for bewitching a daughter of the Countess of Rutland in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

† "Moreover she confessed, that she took a cat and christened it, "&c. &c. and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed "in the middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles, "or cives, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in "Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a "greater hath not been seen, &c."

"Againe it is confessed, that the said christened Cat was the cause "of the Kinges Majestie's shippe, at his comming forthe of Denmarke, "had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then beeing in his "companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges "Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair "and goode winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against "his Majestie, &c."

Old Pamphlet entitled, "Newes from Scotland, &c. &c. &c." Printed in the year 1591, by William Wright.

Cats who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard,
As buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard;
Calumnious Cats who circulate faux pas,
And reputation maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill Cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,
Cross Cats who nothing want but teeth to bite,
Starch Cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned Cats who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded Cats who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin Cats who drink eternally;
Prim Cats of countenance and mien precise,
Yet oft'ner hankering for men than mice;
Curst Cats whom nought but castigation checks,
Penurious Cats who buy their coals by pecks,
Fastidious Cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous Cats who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes who, when they're ask'd the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly Cats who never pare their nails,
Cat-gossips full of Canterbury tales,
Cat-grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious Cats who curse their stars;
Cats who their favours barter for a bribe,
And canting Cats, the worst of all the tribe!

And faded virgin Cats, and tabbies old,
Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree
Mourn DICK's calamitous catastrophe.

Yet, while I chant the cause of Richard's end,
Ye sympathizing Cats, your tears suspend!
Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
And use, for pocket-handkerchiefs, your tails!—

Fame says (but Fame a sland'rer stands confess'd,)
DICK his own sprats, like Bamber Gascoigne, dress'd:
But to the advocates of truth 'tis known,
He neither staid for grace nor gridiron.
Raw sprats he swore were worth all fish beside,
Fresh, stale, stew'd, spitchcock'd, fricasseed, or fried:
Then swallow'd down a score without remorse,
And three fat mice slew for his second course:
But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,
Sudden those grinders clos'd—to grind no more!
And (dire to tell!) commission'd by old Nick,
A catalepsy made an end of DICK.

Thus from the pasty's furious escalade,
Where blood, to gravy turn'd, embrown'd his blade,
(That all-encountering blade which scorn'd to fear
Broil'd gizzards charg'd with Kian-gunpowder)
From rais'd crust levell'd never more to rise,
From ducks dispatch'd, and massacred minc'd pies,
From turkey-poults transfix'd, and sirloins slash'd,
From marrow-puddings maul'd, and custards quash'd,
Crimpt cod, and mutilated mackarel,
And desolation of the turtle's shell
Some Alderman of giant appetite
A surfeit sweeps to everlasting night:
Imbibing claret with his latest breath,
And brandishing his knife and fork in death,
Downward a gormandizing ghost he goes,
And bears to hell fresh fuel on his nose;
For Calipash explores the infernal scene,*
And wishes Phlegethon one vast Terrene.

O Paragon of Cats, whose loss distracts
My soul, and turns my tears to cataracts,

* ——— Petit Ille dapes,———
Oraque vana movet, dentemque in dente fatigat,
Exercetque cibo delusum gutter inani,
Proque epulis tenues nequicquàm devorat auras.
Ovid. Met. lib. viii.

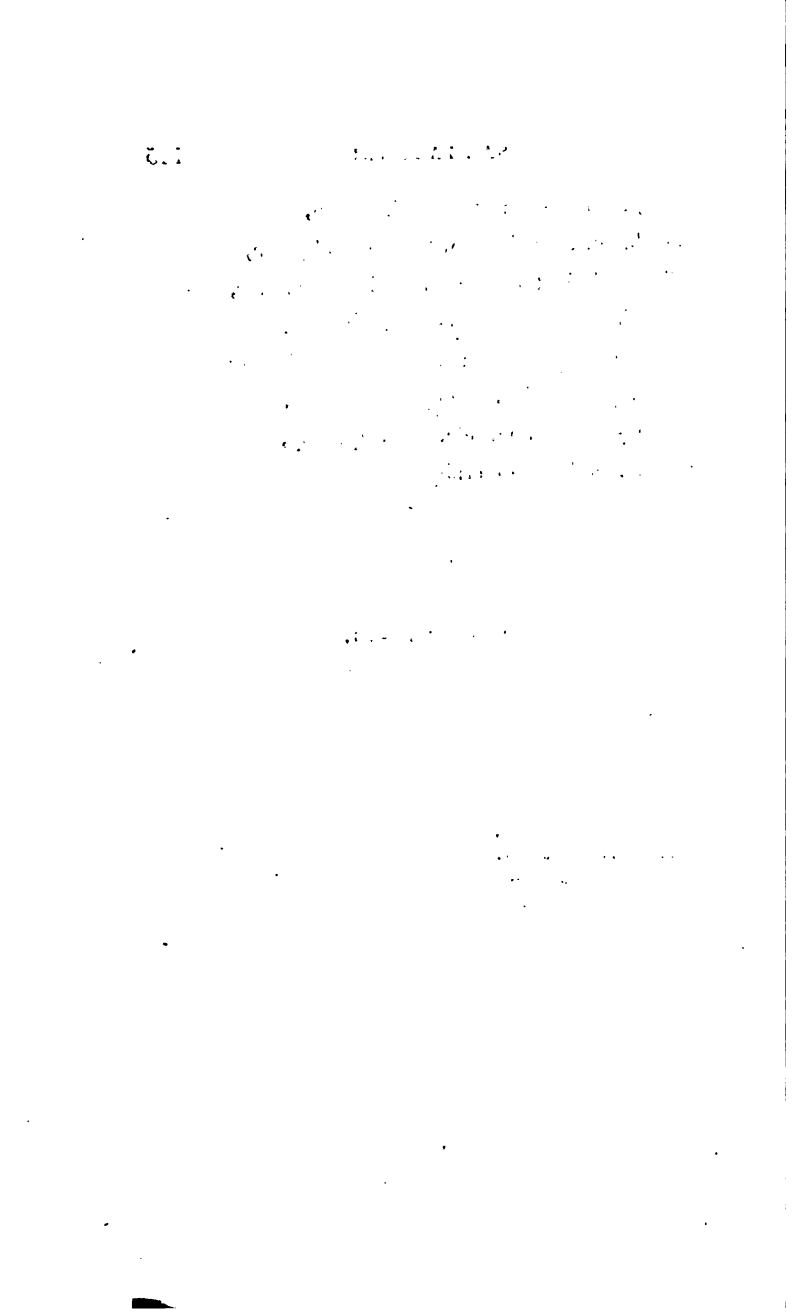
Nor craft nor courage could thy doom prorogue!
DICK, premier Cat upon the catalogue
Of Cats that grace a caterwauling age,
Scar'd by Fate's cat-call quits this earthly stage;
Dire fled the arrow that laid Richard flat,
And sickening Glory saw Death shoot a Cat.

Ah! though thy bust adorn no sculptur'd shrine,
No vase thy relics rare to fame consign,
No rev'rend characters thy rank express,
Nor hail thee, DICK! D. D. nor F. R. S.
Though no funereal cypress shade thy tomb,
For thee the wreaths of Paradise shall bloom.
There, while Grimalkin's mew her Richard greets,
A thousand Cats shall purr on purple seats:
E'en now I see, descending from his throne,
Thy venerable Cat, O Whittington!
The kindred excellence of Richard hail,
And wave with joy his gratulating tail!
There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race
Elysian Mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,
Or raptur'd rove beside the Milky Way.

Kittens, than Eastern Houris fairer seen,
Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,
Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,
And to their amorous mews assenting purr.
There, like Alcmena's, shall GRIMALKIN'S SON
In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,
Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps defy,
And caterwaul to all eternity!

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.



THE

POEMS

OF

GEORGE HUDDESFORD, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

INCLUDING

SALMAGUNDI, TOPSY-TURVY,

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, AND CRAMBE REPETITA.

WITH

CORRECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL ADDITIONS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY,
BY W. BULMER AND CO.
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.
1801.

CONTENTS.

TOPSY TURVY;

With Anecdotes and Observations illustrative of leading Characters of the Government of France, in the year 1793 - - - - - - - - - page 1
Additional Notes to ditto - - - - - - - - 34

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK;

A Galli-maufry of British Beef, with the Chopp'd Cabbage of Gallic Philosophy and Radical Reform. First published in June, 1799 - - - 53

CRAMBE REPETITA;

A Second Course of Bubble and Squeak, or British Beef Galli-maufryed, &c. &c. - - - - - 109

ERRATA.

Page 15, line 25 (note). *for* bood, *read* blood.
—— 139, —— 1. *for* general, *read* generous.

ERRATA.

Page 11	line	22.	*for* Selestial,	*read*	Celestial.
—— 37 ——		7.	— Euridice,	——	Eurydice.
—— 64 ——		18.	— He pull'd out,	——	He straight unsheath'd.

TOPSY TURVY:

WITH

ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

LEADING CHARACTERS

OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE,

IN THE YEAR 1793.

THEN FIRST PUBLISHED.

Le plus saint devoir de l'homme est L'INSURRECTION.

La Fayette.

This shews how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth together jump;
For as a fly that goes to bed
Rests with his tail above his head:
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers. *Butler.*

TOPSY TURVY.

Man is but a topsy-turvy animal, his head where his heels should be. *Swift.*

OLD England is ill at her ease,
She a surfeit has got, I can tell ye;
And the cause of Old England's disease
Is the pudding and beef in her belly:*
To the French for relief she applies,
And their Politic Doctors assure her,
That they know where her malady lies,
And their Grand Panacea shall cure her.

"Ah! what Panacéa so grand
"Can my old constitution repair?—
Why, dame! on your head you must stand,
And kick up your heels in the air:

* Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. *Deut.* xxxii. 15.

Then your health will be *equal* and good,
Nothing else can from ruin preserve ye:
For EQUALITY, well understood,
Means to turn all the world topsy-turvy.

Our counsel you never can say 'tis
Like that of your medical elves,
Since you find that we offer you *gratis*
The prescription we follow ourselves:
Its blest operation you 've seen,
So 'tis plain that it never miscarries;*
And you long in the habit have been
Of adopting the fashions of Paris.

Behold our Republican State
To perfection advancing apace,
Ever since, where the Head stood of late,
We 've erected the *Tail* in its place!

* It is said, in the last quackish address of the National Assembly to the people of France, that they have not formed their arrangements upon vulgar practice, but on a theory which cannot fail, &c.

Burke's Lett. to a Member of the Nat. Assemb. Note on p. 10.

All distinctions we nobly despise,*
Yet who views our Convention must own us
A groupe who all merits comprize,
And each member "rex et sutor bonus." †

There's PETHION first on the lists
Of Levellers stands with good reason:
He ‡ can shew you that *wisdom* consists
In burglary, outrage and treason;
His logic will make it out plain
That allegiance and duty a farce is;
And *dignity* none can retain
But rogues without rags to their ——.

* Nil ibi Majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum. *Juv. Sat.* 8.

† *Hor. Sat. lib.* i. *S.* 3.
Le plus vil citoyen, dans sa bassesse extrême,
Ayant chassé les rois pense être roi lui-même.
Voltaire. Brutus, Act. I. Sc. iv.

‡ M. Pethion.—When the mob of Sans Culottes, Poissardes, Marseillois, &c. (Anglicè, tag, rag, and bob-tail) had perpetrated the infamous outrages of the 20th of June, 1792, had violated the interior apartments of the Thuilleries, treated the royal family with the grossest indignities for five hours, without intermission, and even *attempted the life* of their sovereign, Monsieur Pethion at length condescended to give them their dismission in the following address:

"Citizens, men and women! You began the day with dig-

ROBESPIERRE,* most renown'd desperado,
Next claims your profound admiration;
Who empties the veins like Sangrado,
Phlebotomist chief of the nation:
He laments, while a weasand is whole,
That his blade should inactive remain;
And (like Macedon's lord o'er his bowl)
Swears that *thrice* he would slaughter the slain.

In committing to DANTON† the seals
We have shewn ourselves wiser than you are;
For whenever the state 's out at heels
We 've a *farrier* provided to shoe her:

" nity and wisdom; you have proved that you are free: finish " it with the same dignity, and do like me—go to bed."

See pages 87 and 88 of Fennel's Review of the Proceedings at Paris during the Summer of 1792, 8*vo*. Williams, Strand.

* M. Robespierre, originally a poor orphan of Arras, afterwards clerk to an obscure attorney. *Fennel, page* 429.

Who is there that, when the report of recent massacres was made to the Club of the Jacobins, heard him (Robespierre) treat the tears of widows and orphans as criminal, and pronounce these ever-memorable words: " *Un peu du sang de plus ne fait pas de mal*;" " a few more assassinations do no harm;"—and who does not rank him as superior even to a Sylla.

Flower of the Jacobins, page 29. Owen, Piccadilly, 1792.

† M. Danton was the son of a *butcher*; he procured the protection of the late Princess de Lamballe by marrying a relation

He was nurst in the shambles 'tis known,
And now practises slaughter afresh,
To prove " What is bred in the bone
" Will never be out of the flesh."

There's GORSAS who well ascertains
Of relative rights the extent,
Since he beat out his old father's brains
Who begot him *without his consent*.*

of the maid of one of her femmes de chambre. By the interest of the princess, he was appointed *farrier* to the Count d'Artois' stud; he practised also as a doctor, but was so unsuccessful that the count constantly threatened such of his servants as displeased him, with the attendance of Danton. He was one of the principal instigators of the horrid massacre committed on his former benefactress, and is now the Minister of Justice.

Fennel, page 432.

He was so abject in his mode of paying his court, that he frequently used to caress and kiss the horses, which he said, had the happiness to be the favourites of the Comte and Comtesse d'Artois; and never did he hear their names pronounced, before the 20th of June, 1789, without taking off his hat, as a token of respect. These facts were so well known as to have been proverbial at Versailles. *Flower of Jacobins, page* 88.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop,
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

Shakspeare 2d Part of Henry VI.

* Your Practical Philosophers reject the duties of this vulgar relation (the relation between parents and children) as contrary

Escap'd from the Wheel heretofore,
At the gallies he serv'd his probation;
His proficiency prov'd at the oar,
He 's advanc'd to the helm of the nation.

to liberty; as not founded in the social compact; and not binding according to the rights of men; because the relation is not, of course, the result of free election, *never so on the side of the children*, not always on the part of the parents.

Burke's Letter, pages 36 and 37.

M. Gorsas affords a striking practical exemplification of these principles of modern French Philosophy. The infirmities of a declining father obliged him to relinquish the superintendance of a day-school at Versailles to his son M. Gorsas, who engaged to afford him a decent maintenance during the remainder of his life. In less than three months, his inhumanity to this aged parent was so notorious as to incur the censure of the police; and he soon afterwards, by a blow on the head with a bottle, put an end to his life. This atrocious act M. Gorsas was doomed to expiate upon the wheel, but at the entreaty of his brother, a groom to the Duke de Polignac, that nobleman procured a mitigation of his punishment, and he was condemned to the gallies for life. In 1788 he found means of presenting a petition to the Ambassadors of Tippoo Saib passing through Thoulouse, who obtained his enlargement, on the condition that he should never be seen within forty leagues of Versailles. But in a revolution effected by massacre and treason, the merits of M. Gorsas could not fail of ascending to their proper level; and this *practical philosopher* and parricidical doctor of the French school has consequently become a leading member of the National Convention of France.

See Fennel, p. 434, and Flower of Jacobins, p. 42.

MARAT, whom all ruffians applaud,
Will to slaughter or robbery lead 'em;
This *tergiverse Champion of fraud*
Shall extend the dominion of freedom:
Tho' our credit (with *Cambon's* * good care)
As threadbare is worn as our coats,
Tho' with famine we groan, and despair,
Marát can soon alter our notes. †

See MERLIN, ‡ preceptor of youth,
Exemplify *filial affection;*
Bright pattern of honour and truth,
The cement of *nuptial* connection!

* Minister of Finance.

† M. Marat, who makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of anarchy, at the time when he was accused of being an accomplice in the forgeries of the Billets d'Escompts, or *Notes* of the Bank of Discount, established by M. Neckar, bore the name of Champion; he judged it expedient, however, on this occasion, to *turn his back* upon his name and country, and take refuge in England.

For a farther and more particular account of this *honest gentleman*, see No. I. Additional Notes at the end.

‡ Quis cœlum terris non misceat, et mare cœlo
Si fur displiceat Verri! homicida Miloni?
Clodius accuset mœchos, Catilina Cethegum? *Juv. Sat.* 2.

M. Merlin was under-usher to a school (in the Fauxbourg of St. Antoine); he was on the point of being married, but having

See *rev'rend* CHABOT * too conspire
To accomplish our regeneration:
That adulterous capuchin friar
Shall teach us to *flee fornication.*

Atheistic DUPONT † for his pains,
With honour 'tis fit we should mention;

received the lady's fortune on the day before that appointed for the wedding, he contented himself with the more portable treasure, and disappeared. *Fennel*, 430.

His *filial gratitude* is slightly touched on in No. II. See Additional Notes at the end.

* M. Chabot, the son of a baker, was educated by his uncle, an attorney; he eloped with his uncle's wife, and debauched her daughter by a former husband. He then deserted them both, and induced a Madame Droits to rob and elope from her husband. For this last exploit he was imprisoned at Bourdeaux; on his enlargement he became a capuchin of St. Francis; then an officer of the national guard; and once again assumed the garb of an ecclesiastic; and on the eve of the infamous 10th of August, 1792, for two hours together, from the pulpit of l'Eglise des Enfans trouvés, inculcated the duty and lawfulness of Insurrection, &c. &c.

See Fennel, p. 68; and Flower of the Jacobins.

† M. Dupont.——————— Qui Numina Divûm
Sperneret, et nullos aris adoleret honores. *Ovid.*
Who heav'n's best blessings with contempt repays,
And bids no incense on its altars blaze.

" Quoi! les trônes sont renversés, les sceptres brisés, les rois expirent, et—les autels des Dieux, restent debout encore!

This globe of the world, he maintains,
Made itself *like our Gallic Convention:*
So, to prove ourselves creatures of chance,
We determine, and none shall gainsay us,
By disorganization of France
To establish the empire of Chaos:

What guerdon shall CARRA reward
Whose fame *self-acknowledg'd* we dwell on?
Who, for burglary doom'd to the cord
A true *philosophical felon,*
Now prescribes to reformers a plan
Of morality new and uncommon;

La Nature et la Raison, voilà les dieux de l'homme! voilà mes dieux! admirez la nature, cultivez la raison, si vous voulez que le peuple Français soit heureux, *hatez vous de propager ces principes,* de les faire enseigner dans vos écoles primaires.

Je l'avouerai de bonne foi à la Convention, je suis Athée."

J. Dupont, Moniteur, 16 *Decembre.*

What! are thrones and sceptres demolished! is royalty expiring? and are the Altars of the Gods yet standing!

Nature and Reason are the proper divinities of mankind!—These are my gods! admire Nature, cultivate Reason, if you will consult the happiness of Frenchmen. *Accelerate the propagation of these principles*; make them the subjects of instruction in your schools and seminaries of education.

For my part I shall avow to the Convention, in good earnest, that I am an Atheist.

And the rights imprescriptive * of man
Ascertains by the *pillage of woman*.

EGALITE's † retrogade worth
Surpasses all praise or rehearsal,

* A favourite term with French philosophers—" *Droits imprescriptibles.*" Rights against which the antiquated prejudices respecting probity, property, honour, &c. are of no validity.

M. Carra is so strenuous an assertor of these *imprescriptive rights* of man, that he long ago ventured his neck in support of them, by an act of burglary in the shop of a milliner. The most notorious depredations of our *philosophical plunderer* were committed on the property of *females*. When publicly reminded of the honourable transaction above-mentioned, he *acknowleged* the truth of the charge, but asserted, as a *sufficient* apology for the fact, that he was only sixteen years old when he achieved this his first Civic Enterprize. He has, however, since demonstrated his unabated attachment to *these imprescriptive rights*, by recent exploits of equal celebrity. In delivering his sentiments to the Convention, he introduces the regeneration of morality *in the rear* of those inestimable benefits which mankind are to reap from the revolution accomplished by his enlightened compatriots. The Additional Notes will furnish the reader with a short trait of these sentiments, and shew more particularly the happy method which French philosophers adopt of recommending the ingenuity of their speculations by the purity of their practice. See No. III. Additional Notes at the end.

† M. Egalité ci-devant Duc d'Orleans, first prince of the blood royal of France.

I know no touch of consanguinity. *Troilus and Cressida.*

By scoundrels of ocean and earth
Unrivall'd—poltroon universal!
All jacobin murderers own
His precedence, and hail him "Tu Brute!"
While nearness in blood * to the throne
Makes regicide relative duty.

Thus you see in how striking a light
True merit we strive to exhibit,

The gallantry displayed by this illustrious patriot, when Due de Chartres, and commanding the third division of the fleet with which d'Orvilliers engaged Admiral Keppel in July, 1779, procured him the ironical appellation of L'Heros d'Ouessant." The most experienced calculators of his numerous *negative* merits, soon after he had attempted an aerial adventure in a balloon, with his *usual intrepidity and success*, commonly characterized him in the following terms:

"Poltron par l'air, poltron par terre, poltron par mer, escroc par tout."

"Uniquement occupé de *mon devoir*, &c. Je vote pour la mort" (du roi.) EGALITE.—*Moniteur.*

Intent solely on discharging *my duty*, &c. I give my vote for the death (of the king.)

* ——————— The near in bood,
The nearer bloody. *Macbeth.*
All murders past do stand excus'd in THIS,
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall prove all deadly bloodshed but a jest
Exampled by this heinous spectacle. *K. John.*

When our Senators sage we invite
From the *gallies*, the *forge*, and the *gibbet:*
And of equal desert we can boast
Legislators, some hundreds or more,
Who with reason, you'll own, rule the roast;
They were, half of 'em, *turnspits* before.*

At your folly mankind will exclaim
If you share not the fruit of our labours,

* M. Isnard, for example, the son of a cook; and M. Ruelle, a leading member of the Convention, the quondam administrator of roast and boiled in an obscure eating-house near London, in whose hands there is reason to expect that the regenerated constitution of France, which they have kept so long in hot water, must at length *go to pot.*

A spice of the science of Cookery appears to be an indispensable ingredient in the composition of illustrious characters, both ancient and modern.

——— Homer, if we search his books,
Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks, &c.
King's Art of Cookery, &c.

Caliburn, the sword of King Arthur, and the Sword of the renowned Pendragon, were as serviceable in the kitchen as in the field, if we may credit their poetical historian, John Grub, heretofore of Christ's church, Oxford, who says of the last of these worthies:

"His sword would serve for battle, or for dinner, if you please;
'When it had slain a Cheshire man 'twould toast a Cheshire cheese."

The *Reformation-Dagger* of Hudibras seems to have been

With the sparks of our patriot-flame
While we freely enlighten our neighbours.
From these sparks you may kindle a blaze,
If fann'd by *some notable fellows*,
And a grand conflagration you'll raise
Let but PRIESTLEY and PAINE blow the bellows.

equally adroit and accommodating with the swords of these Cambro-Britons, though of a far less sanguinary *temper* than the daggers of French reformers.

It was a serviceable dudgeon
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.

All will allow the valiant champion, Guy of Warwick, to have been *æquè laureâ Culinæ ac Martis insignitus*, who have contemplated his stupendous porridge-pot in Warwick castle; and Colbrand, his gigantic antagonist, must have been little inferior to him in the former respect, since he is described by the above cited Poet, Grub, as advancing to the combat

" Brim-full of wrath and cabbage,"

undoubtedly of his own cooking.

Nor, in an enumeration of heroes and legislators, will impartiality permit me to pass over in silence the late BAMBER GASCOIGNE, *(egregii gustûs Senator)* indisputably *the first broiler of sprats in Christendom.*

Yet it is evident, from the recent samples of state cookery which *they* have given us, that all must yield the palm to the Conventional cooks; nay, I am confident that even our own

Even now is your church undermin'd
With PRIESTLEY'S polemical nitre: *
Which, exploded, you'll presently find
The *red night-cap* † take place of the mitre.

justly celebrated *Cooks of Colnbrook*, if they are yet in being, will surrender with pleasure to the Archimagiri Gallici those heroi-culinary titles under which themselves have figured in the old catch with such meritorious distinction.

There was Slice-cook, and Hash-cook, &c. &c.

* We are, as it were, laying gunpowder, grain by grain, under the *old building of error and superstition*, which a single spark may hereafter inflame, so as to produce an instantaneous explosion, in consequence of which, that Edifice, the erection of which has been the work of ages, may be overturned in a moment, and so effectually, as that the same foundation can never be built upon again.

Priestley's Import. of Free Enquiry in Matters of Religion, p. 40.

I rejoice to see the warmth with which the cause of orthodoxy, that is, long established opinions, however erroneous, and that of the hierarchy, is now taken up by its friends; because, if their system be not well founded, they are only accelerating its destruction. In fact, they are assisting Me in the proper disposal of those *trains of gunpowder* which have been some time accumulating, and at which they have taken so great an alarm, and which will certainly blow it up at length as suddenly, as unexpectedly, and as completely as the overthrow of the late arbitrary government in France.—*Priestley*.

† The Cap of Liberty with which, Fennel tells us (p. 25,) the devout Parisian reformers have decorated the images of our

As sure as his regimen works,
From old orthodox leaven 'twill purge ye;
And of Hebrews,* Dissenters, and Turks,
Make right apostolical clergy.

Strike the flint of his heart on the steel
Of freedom; lawn sleeves be the tinder:
Well brimstone your match with his zeal,
And again make St. Paul's a huge cinder:†
Rare news for the Shade of good PRICE!‡
With joy he will sing like a throstle:

Saviour in their churches.—It was brought into fashion by the Jacobin Club: a red thrum cap—*without ears or bells.*

See Preface to that excellent story, "*The Monkies in Red Caps.*" *Addressed to the Jacobins.*—Debrett, 1792.

* I am told that the sons of Jew-jobbers have been made bishops; persons not to be suspected of any Christian superstition. *Burke.*

† Consumed formerly in the fire of London.

‡ How ought we then to be affected, who firmly believe, that in so short a space of time, (*i.e.* about fourteen or twenty years, agreeably to a previous accurate calculation,) we may see our deceased friend again, and be able to tell him, what he will be as eager to learn, how those things, about which he most interested himself, went on after his death; and such is the prospect now opening before us, respecting the enlargement of civil and religious liberty, that the longest liver will have the *best news* to carry him.

Priestley's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Price.

So let PERIGORD* post with advice,
To exhilarate *Freedom's Apostle.*†

Then serve up a dish *piping hot*
Of the calves heads that govern the nation;
And reviving Guy Vaux's old plot,
By murder effect reformation:
Lords and Commons exalt to the skies,
Taught by PRIESTLEY new flights of devotion,
When both Houses together shall *rise*,
And each member at once *make a motion.*

His Birmingham thunder shall 'wake
Those blind watchmen‡ your bishops suffragan,

* M. Talleyrand-Perigord, ancien Evêque d'Autun, who testified his extraordinary affection for the Sacred order, by recommending the confiscation of the French clergy; and who (after the refusal of all the ancient prelates, not excepting the arch-apostate of Sens) readily afforded *his ministry* in consecrating the new constitutional bishops. The Convention, which he has lately deserted, having no farther occasion for his services above ground, he cannot be better disposed of than in an embassy *ad inferos.*

† The most august assembly in the world, by which I wish to be understood the National Assembly of France, have justly styled him (Dr. Price) *the Apostle of Freedom.*

Priestley's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Price, p. 8.

‡ His watchmen are blind:—they are all ignorant,—sleeping,

And the pillars of monarchy shake;
PAINE calls it the Temple of Dagon:
Like a Sampson † he lustily strains
To pull down that *pile Antichristian*,
Which shall tumble, and beat out the brains
Of each aristocratic Philistine.

For instruction repair to PAINE's school,
And observe what a picture he'll draw,
Of a Brother of Mahomet's Mule,
Call'd "The Church as establish'd by Law;" †
By the Hierarchy 'got on the State
That with fishes and loaves loads his crupper,

lying down, loving to slumber. *Isaiah*, lxvi. 10.—A prophetic passage which *charitable* dissenters aver to be typical of the orthodox tranquillity of our right reverend bench.

* Sampson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood—and he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the Lords, &c. *Judges*, xvi. 29, 30.

† By engendering the church with the state, a sort of *Mule animal*, capable only of destroying, and not breeding up, is produced, called, *The Church established by Law*. It is a stranger, even from its birth, to any parent mother on which it is begotten, and whom in time it *kicks* out and destroys.

Paine's Rights of Man, p. 81.

While Sectaries squint at the bait,
And get nothing but *kicks* for their supper.*

Nor believe the assertion that those
Who would level the altar and throne,
Who all faith and allegiance oppose,
No religion can have of their own:
For David describ'd long ago
Some lambs of this very same fold,
Whose religion was Rapine, I trow,
Since "their idols were *silver and gold.*"†

Some say that with coin to supply us,
The spoils of the church we engross,
And as for our churchmen so pious,
Neither pile we have left them, nor cross;‡

* Peace is the cure of fanaticism, as fanaticism is the bane of peace. Sectaries must either *kick* or be *kicked*. They must either persecute, or they must provoke persecution. To be in this turbulent state is living in their proper element.

Warburton on Grace, p. 136.

† Psalm cxxxv. *ver.* 15.

‡ Whackum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while. *Hudibras.*

Your assembly tells the people that they have brought the Church to its primitive condition. In *one respect* their declara-

But 'tis false.—* The true church we restore
By our *confiscatorial* process;
And her sons, like the Christians of yore,
We make them all *take up their crosses.*

What! shall prelates or nobles forsooth
In fine cloaths shew their insolent riches,

tion is undoubtedly true; for they have brought it to a state of Poverty and Persecution.

Letter from Mr. Burke to Nat. Assem. 1791, *p.* 17.

* To obviate the inconvenience resulting from the tedious forms of the old government, the *regenerated* rulers of France, superior to all the narrow prejudices of humanity, have adopted a *summary process,* which at once evinces their paternal tenderness towards the subjects of their government, and, *by a judicious disposal of their persons,* effectually prevents all remonstrance against the equity of Democratical Legislation.

Take the following instance from *Fennel,* p. 457.

"On the 19th of August, the Assembly, being informed that the Administrators of the Department Du Var, sitting at Toulon, *(unauthorized by any existing law)* had transported their refractory priests, very warmly applauded the conduct of that department; and, upon a proposition of M. Cambon, *instantly decreed,* that all ecclesiastics, who have never taken the oath, or who, having taken it, have afterwards retracted, *shall be transported.*"

The operation of the French Edicts resembles the operation of an infallible nostrum, whose *learned* vender assured his patients; "After swallowing one box of my incomparable "pills, nobody never needs take no more of nothing."

And basely oppose naked truth
By Philosophers taught without breeches!*

* Modern Legislators of France tell the people, to comfort them in the rags with which *they* have clothed them, that they are a Nation of Philosophers.

Burke's Reflec. 5th Ed. p. 190.

Whatever veneration may be due to the paraphernalia of the antidiluvians, *i. e.* antidiluvian *breeches*, (for this genuine acceptation of the word is sanctioned by our renowned Lexicographer's elucidation: "Paraphernalia—*goods in the* WIFE'S "*disposal.*") impartiality must acknowledge modern breeches to be no other than the vitious incumbrances of aristocratical refinement, and the adoption of them altogether as preposterous as the *unnatural* affectation, so justly reprobated by a noble author, Lord Monboddo, of *walking on two legs instead of four.*

Since the circumstances of French philosophers have obliged them to discard these vestments of supererrogation together with all antiquated prejudices, what they have lost in florentine and fustian they have gained in soldiership and sagacity: for the most inveterate Antigallican will not venture to maintain, in their present circumstances at least, that "the heart of a "Frenchman lies *in his breeches,*" a position *fundamentally* false and paradoxical. And in admitting that the causes of their *posterior denudation* have equally contributed to the developement of their genius, we are warranted by sound classical authority:

——————— Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent. *Hor. Sat.*

Dr. Johnson has ungenerously endeavoured to *veil the naked Graces of French philosophy* by a most opprobrious illustration

No !—Let us of raiment bereave
All aristocratical sots,

of the word Galligaskins: " Caligæ Gallo-Vasconum," *i. e.* Breeches of the Ancient Gascons. But this unheard-of imputation must be ascribed to that philological perverseness which gives " trousers" to the *Erse*, instead of the *congenial monosyllable* to which they naturally belong. (See Dictionary.) Seneca has attempted to prove breeches no impediments to prowess and manhood, by using the word " Caliga," to express the condition of a common soldier; " Marius à Caligâ ad Con- " sulatum perductus est." But even these powerful authorities must yield to M. L'Abbé Spallanzani, who has demonstrated that FROGS, by which he means Frenchmen, (substituting, by learned licence, *the food* for the *feeders*, as Milton and Euripedes are said, by a *Rt. Rev.* Critic, to substitute effects for causes, and tears for cinders. *See Note with signature* (H) *on the words* " melodious tear," *in Lycidas. Warton's second Edit. of Milton's Poems.)* This *accurate and humane* experimentalist, I repeat, has satisfactorily demonstrated that frogs—that is to say, frog-eating Frenchmen, when breech'd, though with but so slight a texture as waxed taffety, are thereby utterly disqualified for all vigorous exertion, and rendered totally incompetent to the grand purposes of life.

See Spallanzani's erudite Dissertation on the Generation of the Green Frog. Diss. v. ii. *p.* 12.

Galligaskins—properly, Gaskins.—*See Shakspear's Twelfth Night, Act.* i. *Sc.* iv.

" I am resolved on two points."—
" That if one break the other will hold,
" Or if both break your Gaskins fall."

Leaving Dr. Johnson to fetch his small cloaths from Gascony, or from Rumford, if he chooses it, we shall pronounce Gaskin

For our ancestors, Adam and Eve,
Were, at first, like ourselves, Sans-Culottes

But, no longer in *Innocence* dress'd,*
When they courted the fig-leaf's protection,
And green breeches put on, 'tis confess'd
They were fall'n from their pristine perfection.
Then survey Us so dauntless and bare,
Nor dispute the perfection we claim,
Who rival the primitive pair,
Unincumber'd with Breeches or Shame.†

If our counsel with scorn is repaid‡
We shall bring an old house o'er your ears;

to be derived from the Saxon GASKINNAN, *erubescere* (that warlike people blushing to be seen with breeches as much as their descendants would blush to be seen without them), and not from the *dorsal blushing* of the Picts, who painted their posteriors with red oker.

* This robe of innocence was not precisely of the same description as *that* of which the late Duchess of Kingston boasted in her well-known correspondence with S. Foote, who was malicious enough to insinuate that her Grace's robe of innocence might possibly be *a little the worse for wear.*

† And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were *not ashamed. Gen.* ii. *p.* 25.

‡ "If we consider," says that mirrour of marine oratory, M.

At our bidding, to swallow your trade,
All Europe shall send privateers:
Tippoo Sultan your factors shall dread;
When back'd by French blades he shall fix a
Huge price on each Englishman's head
In Bengal, in Bahàr, and Orixa.

Our ordnance affright'ning the Tagus *
Shall ring a Republican peal;
We'll make Lisbon one grand Sarcophágus
And plunder the mines of Brazil.

Kersaint, to the Convention, *(Seance Janv.* 1, 1793.) "If we consider the vast field this daring resolution opens on which to display the courage and activity of our seamen, if you fix your thoughts upon that multitude of vessels richly freighted which will be the prey of your privateers, if in a naval war, you call together those numerous and desperate adventurers which are to be found in all nations of Europe, if *you adopt them*, and *associate them in your enterprizes*," &c.

"We must attack Lisbon and the Brazils, and dispatch an *auxiliary army to Tippoo Sultaun.*"

* "Portugal is absolutely incapable of defence; the fleet, with which we shall penetrate the Tagus, after having exhausted the country by contributions, after having destroyed the arsenals, must terminate its successes by first taking and then liberating Brazil."

We'll *nip* the Dutch navy in Zealand,*
On their *demi-despotic* † Stadhólder
Set the Patriots, his guilders to steal and
The head that looks over his shoulder.

Batavia we next will attack, ‡
To Ceylon we'll establish our claim:
Fed on spices wash'd down with arrack,
How fiercely French courage will flame!

* "If you push on the war in Zealand with vigour you will *nip in the bud* the naval force of the Stadholder, and the patriotic party which, so long since, called you to its assistance, will, with your support, easily prevent it from expanding into maturity." *Kersaint.*

† Ce *demi despote* qui vous tyrannise, &c. *Le Gen. Dumourier aux Bataves.*

‡ "An expedition directed against the English East Indies, shall at the same time threaten the establishments of Holland, the important colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, Ceylon, &c. &c. There you will meet only with men *enervated by luxury, soft beings* that will tremble before the Soldier of Liberty." *Kersaint.*

Our great orator is here a little mistaken in his conjecture, it being well known that the *native troops of India*, under the command of British officers, have frequently encountered the bayonets of the French grenadiers with uncommon firmness and intrepidity.

Our Drawcansirs none shall escape,
Fleets and armies we'll fit out by dozens,
Expel the Mynheers from the Cape,
And fratérnize *our* HOTTENTOT *Cousins.**

In the silks which Italians export
Shall our *shirtless* Philosophers shine;†
While for Rome, that idolatrous court,
Our *new priests* have a tickler in brine:‡

* The French may reasonably claim affinity in blood to a people with whom some of their most ingenious writers have taken considerable pains to establish the closest affinity in principle. M. Vaillant, in his account of the Hottentots, rejects it as a most cruel indignity offered to this *brave* people, to suppose them *capable of having any Religion.*

"Would you desire better fellowship, Master Matthew?"
Beaumont and *Fletcher.*

† "The Republics of Italy offer you maritime prizes, of which, the loss will fall on English commerce, &c.—*Kersaint.*

‡ "Pontiff of the Romish church, prince, *as yet,* of a state on the point of renouncing your controul. You can no longer preserve both your State and Church but by the disinterested profession of those Evangelical Principles that breathe the purest Democracy."

Le Cons. Exec. Provis.—au Prince Evêque du Rome, 1792.

This *friendly* address to the Pope, exhorting his Holiness to *preserve* his temporal and spiritual dominion by renouncing *his authority,* if it had not borne the signatures of the Executive Council of *France,* might, from its peculiar *consistency,* have

We'll shew the poor fools, who confide in
Infallible brains that are addle,
Evangelic Democracy 'striding
Superstition's old Catholic saddle. *

Should Spain to the Bourbons prove true
From the Dons their mustachios we'll crop,
Spoil Mexico, pillage Peru, †
And spend all the gold in their shop;

been mistaken for the advice of *Hibernian counsellors*. Should his Holiness be disposed to follow it, we may apply to him the well-known Epigram of Martial.

Hostem cum fugeret se Fannius ipse peremit,
Quis furor, O Fanni! ne moriare *mori!*
How mad was Fannius, from the foe when flying,
To think of disappointing Death by *dying!*

* This identicle saddle was heretofore in the occupation of an Aristocratical Dowager of the first rank and fashion, who maintained little more reserve in her morals, and somewhat less in her *mode of riding*, than our equestrian heroines of the present day.

Doth not the WHORE of BABYLON ride
Upon her horned beast *astride?* *Hudibras.*

† "The Spaniard bears in the recesses of his soul, that character of energy which renders him worthy to be free. In Europe he would weakly defend the cause of the Bourbons, in America he calls to you, and you ought to march to Mexico while you menace the English." *Kersaint.*

All around us, east, west, north, and south,
Insurrection and anarchy foster,*
Sail to Hell with the winds in our mouth,
Nor care three-pence for Libs, Notus, Auster.

That the good of mankind we've in view
Our *extreme moderation* denotes:

* "Let us wage war with all Europe. Your armies at the moment in which they are reduced to the most *deplorable situation* have achieved prodigies of valour. Every one of our private soldiers believes himself a match for two hundred slaves. If you should command them to march to Vienna—they would march to *Vienna or to death.*"

Danton.—Moniteur, Jan. 25, 1793.

This is a very sublime stroke of oratory, but for the honour of old England, we must acknowledge that it appears to be borrowed from a strenuous antigallican English poet:

"All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
"And bid him go to *hell*—to hell he goes." *Johnson.*

We may fairly conclude that the courage and capacity of French Republicans will speedily attain their *ne plus ultra* of perfection; their growth and expansion having been found to keep pace, in an *inverse ratio of progression*, with the tenuity of their diet. Their health also must be wonderfully improved. *Sublatâ morbi Causâ tollitur Effectus:* Liberty and Famine having shook hands in France, they must be entirely *free* from the grand cause of disease, Indigestion.

"Our Food *has disappeared* in proportion as our Liberty *has extended.*" *St. Just.—Moniteur, Dec.* 1, 1792.

Then French tenets embrace, or, morbleu!
We'll invade you and cut all your throats.*
In the teeth of the tower of London
Hurl the Head of your King† in defiance,
His beef-eaters knock ev'ry one down,
And *enfranchise* hyænas and lions.‡

* We will make a descent on England.—We will lodge there fifty thousand caps of liberty.—We will plant there the sacred tree.—The tyranny of their government shall soon be destroyed.
Letter of the Minister of the Marine—Moniteur, Jan. 20, 1793.

Our fishing vessels are always ready to transport thither one hundred thousand French, for by this expedition we must terminate the quarrel, and *it is upon the ruins of the tower of London* that you must sign with the English people, *undeceived*, the treaty which shall regulate the destiny of nations, and shall found the liberty of the world. *Kersaint.*

The reader is desired to notice an observation on these quotations from M. Kersaint's speech. See No. IV. Additional Notes.

† They threaten you with kings! You have thrown them your gauntlett: that guantlett is the Head of a King; it is the signal of their approaching death.
Danton.—Seance du 31 *Janv.—Moniteur, Feb.* 1.

‡ These *oppressed animals* have an indisputable claim to the *fraternity* of the Parisian philosophers, a claim admitted not long since by the exhibitor of a tiger, which he had always been used to denominate *le grand Tigre Royal*, but soon after the revolution, when the term royal fell into disrepute, by *one of the most happy applications of the word that was substituted or royal*, he invited all the passengers on the Pont Neuf to see
Le grand TIGRE NATIONAL.

To perfection as yet never reach'd
The world 's in a state of progression,
Heretofore, *like our patriots*, UNBREECH'D,
Soon 'twill swagger at years of discretion;*
While the nations, *enlighten'd*, agree
To propagate rapine and slaughter,
Blest scyons of LIBERTY'S TREE,
Which We plant, and the Devil will water.

* The human race has commenced in a state of infancy. It commences this day its state of manhood.

Carra.—Monit. Jan. 4

NEW BREECH'D with manhood.—*Paine's Rights of Man.*

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

No. I.

M. MARAT.

The following detail is given verbatim from the Star, March the 4th, 1793.

GLASGOW.

"FROM an investigation lately taken at Edinburgh, it is said, that Marat, the celebrated orator of the French National Convention, the humane, the mild, the gentle Marat, is the same person who, a few years ago, taught tambouring in this city, under the name of John White. His conduct, while he was here, was equally unprincipled, if not as atrocious, as it has been since his elevation to the legislatorship. After contracting debts to a very considerable amount he absconded, but was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back to this city, where he was imprisoned. He soon after executed a summons of *cessio bonorum* against his creditors; in the prosecution of which, it was found that he had once taught in the Academy at Warrington, in which Dr. Priestley was tutor; that he left Warrington for Oxford, where, after some time, *he found means to rob the Museum of a number of gold coins and medallions*; that he was traced to Ireland, apprehended at an assembly there in the character of a German count, brought back to this country, tried, convicted, and sentenced to some years hard labour on the Thames. He was refused a *cessio*, and his creditors, tired of detaining him in goal, after a confinement of several months, set him at liberty.

He then took up his residence in this neighbourhood, where he continued about nine months; and took his final leave of this country about the beginning of the year 1787.

"He was very ill-looked; of a diminutive size; a man of uncommon vivacity, of a very turbulent disposition, and possessed of a very uncommon share of legal knowledge. It is said, that while here, he used to call his children Marat, which he said was his family name."

No. II.

M. MERLIN.

The portion of which he had despoiled his intended bride, M. Merlin speedily dissipated by gambling at Spa. To repair his losses he broke open the strong box of Madame la Baronne Vanderberg, who lodged in a chamber adjoining to his apartment—borrowed a horse, which he *sold* at Nancy, and afterwards, in a state of extreme distress, was *(for the second time)* received with kindness, and his enormities freely forgiven, by an affectionate father, whom, in return for his liberality and indulgence, this bright exemplar of filial gratitude *denounced* to the Convention as a Feuilliant, and *moved for his accusation, in Nov.* 1791. *Flower of Jacob. p.* 71.

In proof of the general candour and impartiality which actuated the self-constituted judges of their unhappy monarch, let us not forget the humane sentiment expressed in the sitting of December 3, by this amiable character, M. Merlin, who avowed to the Convention "his regret that he had not poniarded his sovereign, when he threw himself, on the 10th of August, upon the protection of the National Assembly."

See Le Moniteur, No. 339.

No. III.

M. CARRA.

" What then does the Revolution denote? It denotes that the *regeneration* of our *politics* has preceded, as it ought, *the regeneration of our morality:* for it would be absurd to rest our claim to the distinguishing character of a nation of philosophers, on the mere subversion of that general despotism which surrounds us. The grand epoch of the *new birth of liberty* can only commence from the moment when the very sources of abuse shall vanish before the eternal Rights of Man. Let us labour to annihilate them among our neighbours."

Carra.—Moniteur, Jan. 4, 1793.

M. Carra's private practice, like that of some other philosophical moralists, appears to have been somewhat at variance with his public principles. The regeneration of *his politics* having taken place *subsequent* to that of *his morals.* Of regenerate morality he gave an early exemplification, by breaking open and pillaging the house of a milliner, in his sixteenth year; the proces verbal of which transaction was detailed in a French paper " La Feuille du Jour," of Feb. 1792, and authenticated by *his own acknowledgement* before stated in page 14: but had *his policy* been regenerated *at that period,* it would most probably have prevented his apprehension and condemnation to the gallows; the mitigation of this sentence having been effected solely by the interest of some respectable friends of his uncle.

During his subsequent exile from France, he taught languages at Vienna, where he gave a farther exemplification of regenerate *morality,* as well as of regenerate *liberty,* by making *free* with a gold watch, the property of the young Countess of Hardeck, his pupil. But his *policy* either was yet in embrio, or little better than a *regenerate abortion*; and a second detection and degrada-

tion obliged our *felonious* Philosopher to take French leave of Vienna. *See Fennel's Review*, &c.

It is a singular hardship that the fair sex should have been such sufferers (as appears from the two instances above cited) by the *regeneration of morality and new birth of philosophical liberty*, &c. and we fear lest it should render them averse from novel generation of every kind, and strengthen their honest prejudices in favour of the old domestic practice of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The following Jeu d'Esprit, which I recollect having met with in some periodical publication, may shew that *female prejudices of this description* are not extinct.

On a late invented Dance on the stage, called
"A NEW WAY OF WOOING."

A Dance they perform at the Playhouse, cries Sue,
'Tis "A NEW WAY OF WOOING," I'm told;
A plague on't, quoth Nell—Let who will take *the New*,
I like none so well as THE OLD.

No. IV.

KERSAINT'S SPEECH.

The notes signed "*Kersaint*" are extracted from the translation of that officer's memorable speech lately published by Ridgway: but it has been found necessary to correct them by a faithful collation with the original Speech, as given in the Moniteur, or Gazette Nationale. In the last of these extracts, where the orator talks of the treaty to be signed with this country, the publisher has *prudently* forborn to give any intimation of the place whereon it is to be signed; "*Sur les Ruines de la*

Tour de Londres;" as well as to notice the significant epithet "*détrompe*," (the English of both which expressions are distinguished by italics in the extract alluded to) for fear, it is presumed, of wounding the *patriotic sensibility* of his Anglo-Jacobin readers.

No. V.

HOTTENTOTS, APES, AND ATHEISTS.

The work of M. Vaillant, referred to in the notes of page 27, has been reviewed by the learned M. de la Métherie, and the other ingenious conductors of the "Journal Physique." Of their very curious Comment, upon M. Vaillant's interesting information, together with the text, I shall subjoin a faithful translation, as it affords additional proof of the general prevalence of that Atheistical Fanaticism which has been openly avowed and triumphantly vaunted at various times, and on various occasions, by many persons of Republican eminence, besides Mr. Jacob Dupont in his celebrated speech before quoted in page 13.

"The author (M. Vaillant has refuted all that Kolbe has advanced respecting their religion," &c.

"I have not perceived among this people (the Gonaquois "Hottentots) any trace of religion, any thing which approaches "even towards the idea of a Being who shall punish and reward. "I have lived a considerable time with them—I have been do-"mesticated with them in the bosom of their peaceable deserts— "I have, in the company of these brave people, made excursions "in very remote regions. In no part of them have I met with "any thing which has a resemblance to religion." *Vaillant.*

Here we have a grand problem, in the history of the human race, resolved. It has long been pretended that no human society could subsist without religion; that they who would endeavour to obliterate every religious idea were no other than

the most perverse of men. The Gonaquois have no idea of religion, and yet they are the gentlest people upon the earth, and most rigidly observe all the laws of humanity; they are well-disposed, humane, hospitable, generous; their lips, enlivened with smiles and gaiety, are expressive of the constant happiness which they enjoy. Such is man as he comes from the hands of Nature; he seeks only to supply his wants. These charming climates of the torrid zone, which are his native country as well as that of *all other species of apes (son pays natal, comme celui de toutes les autres espèces de singes*, &c.) might furnish him abundantly with every thing that is necessary: Why should he be more vicious *(plus mechant)* than the apes themselves? Why, in order to be happy, and to live in society, should *he have any more occasion for religion than they?* M. Vaillant depictures every instant the happiness he enjoyed in these peaceable retreats, and continually regrets the charming moments which he has passed there. Oh! how infinitely preferable are *these pure pleasures of Nature* to those which we seek to substitute for them in the *Social state!*"

Le Métherie—Journal de Physique, p. 453.
December, 1789.

TRAITS OF FRENCH CHARACTERS.

For the accommodation of such readers as will not be at the trouble of exploring the recent productions of French writers, it may not be unseasonable to subjoin a few striking traits of different personages who are indebted for their celebrity, or, more properly, for their *notoriety*, to the French Revolution. They may be reasonably allowed to bring up the rear of those worthies, of whom the preceding stanzas have faintly attempted to touch upon the birth, parentage, education, life, character, and behaviour, &c. Happy the Bard who shall celebrate the *last Dying Speech and Confession* of the whole *illustrious Groupe!!*

Several of the following extracts are taken from "Le Véritable Portrait de NOS LEGISLATEURS, *à Paris*, 1792." The just title of those Legislators to the compliments here paid them, few will be inclined to dispute, and certainly *no one* who has the slightest acquaintaince with the original publication, that publication yielding the strongest internal testimony of the Democratic principles of the writer, evidently a staunch friend and advocate of the Orleans party, who professes to have been, himself, an actor in the *grand scene* which he describes, and ready to make oath of the veracity of his assertions.

See Le Véritable Portrait, &c. *p.* 2.

LA FAYETTE.

La Fayette is tall, thin, and well proportioned, with light hair, inclining to red; his eyes, wandering and gloomy, have a sinister character, while his mouth, artificially opened, smiles on all the world: his speech is not inharmonious, but slow, and seems to be always afraid of betraying his thoughts. La Fayette, a despot in his own family, and accessible to those only who were entirely devoted to him, assumed, amidst the popular assemblies, a tone of modesty, and an air of precision, carried almost to absurdity. Ever cap in hand to the multitude, although surrounded with a numerous company of aides-de-camp, the vulgar were grossly duped by this contrast of pride and meanness, which could not but excite the contempt of men of sense and reflection.

Always preceded or followed by his emissaries, who strained their voices till they were hoarse with the exclamation, "Vive "La Fayette!" The mob reiterated the cry by instinct. The general bowed with condescension, and returned home with the satisfaction of believing himself adored. *Ibid.* p. 48.

If La Fayette had been endowed by Nature with any rectitude

of heart, or compass of understanding, he would have endeavoured, from the very first, to have moderated and controuled the furious progress of insurrection; but, on the contrary, he excites, he precipitates, he justifies it:—what shall I say!—He sanctifies it, in pronouncing with emphasis this maxim, which will be his condemnation: "Insurrection is the most sacred of duties:" *(L'Insurrection est le plus saint des devoirs.)*

Peltier.—"Tableau de Paris," No. 1. Appendix, p. 5.

He grows daily more abject in his adulation towards the people; with his voice and his pen he thus addresses even the common porters of Paris:—"To execute your orders, to die, if "obedience to your wills demand it; such is the sacred duty of "Him whom You have *condescended* to name your Commandant "General." So abject is the language of *this eldest son of liberty* who hath overthrown a court for the privilege of creeping in the streets *(qui n'a renversé une cour que pour ramper dans les rues)*.

Ibid. p. 9.

L'ABBE SYEYES.

A profound metaphysician, naturally endowed with the capability of acting the principal part in the new organization of the French government, the Abbé Syeyes was almost *an useless Member of the National Assembly.*

After the night of the 4th of August, the epoch of the abolition of ecclesiastical privileges and tithes, the Abbé Syeyes proved, in a most unphilosophical and extravagant discourse, that interest is the primum mobile of mankind.

The Abbé Syeyes, seated in the Committee of the Constitution, has by no means answered the expectation of his colleagues and of the public. This man, morose in disposition, bigotted to his own opinions, could never accord with his coadjutors, and appeared to abandon his party.

All the produce which the Assembly has reaped from his

talents was a detestable discourse on the Liberty of the Press, and the plan of a decree worthy of a Sartine and a Lenoir.

Le Véritable Portrait.

BAILLY.

It is astonishing that we should have scarcely any thing to say of a man, who, in the next degree to La Fayette, has shared all the honours of the Revolution, and who was *indebted to chance alone* for the first place of trust, the Mayoralty of Paris, as a recompence indicative of that estimation he little merited.

From the time when he was honoured with the first presidency of the three orders united, *the great man has disappeared*, and we have seen, in the Mayor of Paris, nothing more than the the *passive tool* of La Fayette, of a corrupt municipality, and of all the ministerial cabals. *Ibid. p.* 54.

BARNAVE.

This young man, in the next degree to Mirabeau, occupied the public attention during the session of the Constituent Assembly. He has been represented with two faces. For my part I have never remarked any other expression in his countenance than that which was occasioned by the circumstances of the times, accordingly as those circumstances operated on his *self-love, the sole principle of his actions.*

Barnave will never possess any real talent; his heart is cold, his discourse prolix, abounding with tautology, amplifications, adverbs, which, appearing to be accumulated in every phrase only for the purpose of affording the protraction necessary to a sluggish imagination, sufficiently prove that Barnave is no better than the retailer and amplifier of the sentiments of another, and formed to the business of intrigue by a crafty cabal, who

have possessed themselves of him from the very commencement of his political career, and will never again relinquish their instrument.

CHAPELIER.

This Counsellor of Britanny, known at Rennes for a busy-body, had shaken off the dust of his shoes against his country before he quitted it.

A man of talents, a good logician, but corrupt, and born with *all the vices* of that description of *persons* which was lately styled "*Good Company.*" Chapelier had too much understanding not to perceive that, in the great scene which was opening on the public, men of artifice and intrigue would play the principle part? *He therefore distinguished himself by a direct opposition to the court, in order afterwards to make with that very court terms more advantageous to his own interests.* *Ibid. p.* 83.

ROBESPIERRE.

General of the Sans-Culottes, enemy of all Sovereignty, intrepid defender of the rights of the people; Robespierre wanted only natural consequence, *eloquence à la Danton,* and something less of presumption and obstinacy.

This man, nurtured with the *morality of Rousseau,* has had the courage to form himself upon *his* model. He possessed his austere principles and manners; his savage character and unaccommodating spirit; *he had not indeed his talents,* but Robespierre was, nevertheless, no ordinary man.

Ibid. p. 107.

RABAUD DE SAINT-ETIENNE.

In the infancy of the Revolution, Rabaud wished to distinguish himself, and succeeded; some premeditated and set discourses, well drawn up, procured him success; but from the moment in which men of great talents came forward, Ribaud was silent. In this he shewed his discernment.

He is not deficient in understanding, nor even oratorical talent, but he has *little pretensions to character*. His *publications* respecting the National Gendarmery, and the organization of the National Guard, *are destitute of common sense:* he should have confined himself to objects that were familiar to him, and not have been so conceited as to aim at every thing. This is a failing common indeed to men of merit, but *much more so to blockheads*; and posterity, which views things only in their effects, makes no distinction between them.

Ibid. p. 152.

L'ABBE GREGOIRE.

Originally Curé of Embermenil, near Nancy, at present Bishop of Blois by the election of the people, the Abbé Gregoire, in the assembly of the clergy, was *the most strenuous combatant against the prejudices of his order.* He seemed willing to give one sigh to the abolition of the Ecclesiastical tithes, *but this momentary weakness was speedily atoned for.*

Ibid. p. 118.

ALEXANDER LAMETH.

Of all those vile instruments of despotism who are denominated courtiers, perhaps *the most artful, the most traiterous, the most hateful,* was Alexander Lameth.

It was at the very moment in which the Queen had conferred accumulated obligations on his family, that he coolly deliberated on the means of subverting the throne of his benefactress. Enveloped for a long time in the most profound policy, possessed of too much address to discover himself openly in the commencement of a Revolution to which he was afraid to trust, but of which he secretly directed the springs, it was not until he had rendered himself the chief, and in effect the despot of the Military Committee, that he gave the reins to his ambition. A very indifferent orator, but a refined politician, his *fort* consisted in *sowing dissention* among different parties, in embroiling them with each other, in order to manage them afterwards at his pleasure.

The enemy of all domination; *he would himself be the only despot.* For a considerable time he governed the Jacobins under the mask of Patriotism. *Ibid. p.* 87.

TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD.

ANCIEN EVEQUE D'AUTUN.

His country owes to this Prelate a particular acknowledgment on account of his conduct respecting *the sale of National Property, and the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.* He has dared to take his stand between the Church and the People, at a time when the Revolutiou was not established, and his conduct has fixed the wavering measures of those, who, although well-wishers to the interests of the public, were afraid of venturing too far.

We were in want of Bishops of the old establishment for the purpose of consecrating our Constitutional Bishops; all the French Prelates, even the Archbishop of Sens, had refused their assistance. *He* (Perigord) *has cut the Gordian knot,* and has afforded his ministry for this purpose. After these signal

services, what has France to do with his *gambling*, his *pleasures*, his pretended *stock-jobing*? *Ibid. p.* 145.

This noble ecclesiastic cannot, like many others, be justly accused of ingratitude to his royal master, as it is well known, that he was advanced to the prelacy much against the inclination of that unfortunate monarch, his promotion being extorted by the urgent and importunate entreaty of a dying father, as appears from the following account by the Chev. Bintinaye.

" Who could dare undertake the apology of the Bishop of Autun, the name or sight of whom is sufficient to convey an idea of the most abject turpitude, and the blackest perverseness; him, of whom the deceased Mirabeau asserted, " *For* " *lucre he would sell his soul, and he would be in the right, for* " *it would be exchanging ordure for gold.*

We can, however, exculpate him from the charge of having *purchased* his bishopric. Every body knows that the king had resolved never to make him a bishop, and that the royal resolution yielded to the prayers of a valued and dying father, who had been deceived by his hypocritical promises of reformation.

Obs. du Chev. Bintinaye, p. 73, 74.

M. CONDORCET.

———————*fronte politus,*
Astutam vapido servans sub pectore, vulpem.
Persius, Sat. 5.

The place of Secretary to the French Academy, before it belonged to M. Condorcet, was held by M. Granjean de Fonchy, a respectable character, in the decline of life, and in moderate circumstances.

A person of learning and opulence, deceased, had bequeathed

a sum of money to the secretary of the academy, besides a pension of 1200 livres, as an augmentation of the salary of his office. Of this bequest M. Condorcet, and some of his very intimate friends, had the earliest intelligence, while the party concerned was wholly ignorant of the matter. *Under these circumstances* a treaty was entered into and *very expeditiously concluded* with M. De Fonchy, for the purchase of his place, which he resigned to M. Condorcet, who possessed himself of the bequest and pension, and who graces at this hour, the post which he acquired with so much ingenuousness and liberality.

He had a principal share in bringing to Paris the assassins who were dispatched from thence to murder his pupil and benefactor, the Duc de Rochfoucalt.

BRISSOT

Was known before the Revolution, by the name of Brissot de Warville. He was the confident of La Motte, who was executed in this country as a spy. He so frequently mistook his neighbour's pockets for his own, as to occasion the proverbial application of the word *Brissoteur*, to a pickpocket.

Flower of the Jacobins.

Mr. Brissot was, a few years since, well known to some of the police officers of this country, as a *pickpocket*; but upon their endeavouring to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with him, he withdrew to France, &c. *Fennel, p.* 430.

ARCHBISHOP OF SENS.

The Archbishop of Toulouse, who became Archbishop of Sens, Cardinal of the name of Loménie, afterwards apostate, afterwards nothing; the most rapacious, and, at the same time,

the most incapable minister that ever existed. It is a circumstance unprecedented in all countries of the globe, even in Constantinople, that, in so short an administration, one man should have monopolized so many favours, should have accumulated so much wealth, and given so many proofs of folly and immorality.

Note in page 27 of La Vie de Louis XVI. par M. de Limon.

With the advancement of the Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards Archbishop of Sens, to the ministry, commenced the misfortunes of France, &c. Page 79.

It was under *his* administration that Lettres de Cachet resumed their empire. Page 80.

It was under *his* administration that people began to talk of doubling the numbers of the Third Estate, and of confounding the orders of the States General. Page 86.

The Archbishop of Sens imagined that one sole assembly, whose deliberations were decided by the votes of individuals, and which was balanced by no counterpoise of authority, would be the sport of his intrigues, and the prey of corruption. He expected to establish despotism upon the ruins of the pillars of the throne.

The patriots, in their turn, have pardoned his excesses, as a recompence for his *zeal against the clergy*, the nobility, and the parliament; and the tyrant of 1788 is returned in peace to France, since the period of the Revolution. He has taken the *oath of Apostates*, and is become the favourite of Democrats. It must also be observed, that many first-rate patriots of the assembly, had been the supporters of his administration. Many are known for such, as *Toret*, *Goupel*, *Kervelegan*, *Champeaux*, &c. Others, who were not known, were deterred from attacking him, for fear he should develope their real principles.

To demonstrate to all the world that truth of which I myself have evident perception, that the Archbishop of Sens is the

primary and principal author of the Revolution of France—it would, perhaps, be necessary to dilate considerably, to assemble and collect a multitude of particular facts which should unmask his secret intrigues.

But this trouble may be spared: in the month of March, 1790, he has dared to *boast*, in the midst of his own Cathedral, in the face of a numerous audience *of all with which I now reproach him.*

These are words which the Pope has made use of in speaking of this fact.

"*Vix enim Cardinalis, exul atque extorris a solo Patrio, inchoatum crescentemque vidit Gallicani Conventus operâ* ILLAM RERUM CONVERSIONEM, *quam nobiscum ignorabant omnes* PER EUM IPSUM, *ministerii sui tempore,* DESIGNATAM ET PARATAM FUISSE, *nullâ morâ interpositâ se contulit ad ecclesiam suam cathedralem Senonensem; ibique, mense Martio anni* 1790, *veritus minimè est sermonem coram omnibus habere, et* NOVAM RERUM IMMUTATIONEM PLURIMA LAUDE CUMULARE, *eo usque ut eidem condendæ se aliis incitamento fuisse gloriatus sit.*" *Observations du Chev. Bintinaye, p.* 87, 88.

SAINT MIRABEAU.

CANONIZED AND UNCANONIZED.

Mirabeau was, through life, *the most immoral of men.* A bad son—an execrable husband—a brutal lover—an imperious master: his character, sometimes loose, sometimes severe; had in it no fixed principle of action.

Le Véritable Portrait, p. 12.

Mirabeau, in the space of one year, paid debts to a vast amount, made purchases of land, of moveables, of a very valuable library; he lived in great state, even his pleasures, although not of a refined, were of a very expensive, sort;

and as he neglected no kind of trick to gain popularity, he distributed alms in abundance *without being either humane or devout.* From what source could he derive his unthought-of opulence! He who, persecuted by his creditors for the space of eighteen months, commenced his political career by swindling 48,000 livres from La Fayette. This honourable exploit of the great Mirabeau is detailed in the note at the bottom of page 17, as follows:

La Fayette, not content with having enlisted in his pay an army of spies and mercenaries, to applaud him wherever he should appear in public, wished also to *purchase* MIRABEAU. Well acquainted with his necessitous circumstances, he made him an offer of 24,000 livres. Eight days were employed in concluding the bargain. During this interval La Fayette's trusty friend, Talon, procured the money, and tendered it, in the General's name, to Mirabeau, Talon himself being ignorant that a banker had already engaged to advance the sum; Mirabeau lost no time, gave Talon the meeting at seven o'clock, and having taken the money, he stepped into his carriage, and driving off with expedition, received a consideration of equal amount from the banker. This *little voluntary mistake* was rectified at the expense of the Civil List, which re-established cordiality between the several parties. Page 17.

Louis XVI. avoit regné, 13 années, et avoit constamment montré l'amour de l'ordre et de l'économie, et le desir de se livrer à tous les sacrifices personnels qui pouvoient contribuer au soulagement de ses peuples. Pendant cet intervalle de tems l'abus des lettres de cachet etoit devenu presque imperceptible, et *le plus facheux effet* qu'elles ayent eu alors, *ça été de sauver Mirabeau de la corde.*

Observations du Chev. de la Bintinaye, p. 77, 78.

M. EGALITE.

Here you have the implacable mover of all the insurrections, of all the calamities which have devastated France. When the whole universe denounce and condemn him, shall I, by an unmanly silence, suffer the assassin of my Sovereign to reap the fruit of his crimes in peace? No.—My grief shall be indulged without restraint, since his hatred was without pity. Ah! of what import is it to me at this moment that Providence, to terrify mankind, distinguished his birth by its proximity to the throne! He who poniards my Master, is no Member of the family. Here the blood of the Bourbons forfeits every title to regard. ORLEANS falling from one abyss of guilt to another is self-sentenced, is self-degraded. He was willing to level himself with ruffians that he might be entitled to command them. He has descended from that rank in which chance had mis-placed him. He has not abjured his name—he has resumed it—his birth was evidently an error of Nature; an error which she will eternally regret. Unnatural son, he could never pardon the virtues of his father: barbarous husband, he tyrannized over the purest virtue, over a mind of the most elevated stamp; he himself was not ashamed to denounce to the Convention this unfortunate Princess, whose only error was her esteem for him. A father, the corruptor of his children—the executioner of his posterity, he sacrificed to the projects of his hatred the very existence of his descendants. A prince, the enemy to the throne: a gentleman, the destroyer of the nobility: a citizen, he overwhelmed his native land with ruin, he sold his country and its powerful master, and made the laws subservient to his interest. In each several relation of subject, friend, parent, and husband, treacherous and perfidious;

to consummate his infamy, nothing remained for him to perpetrate but the butchery of his sovereign, his father, his benefactor. Dishonour to thy name—scourge of my country —all Nature revolts against thee—the Universe no longer yields thee an asylum!!

La Vie de Louis XVI. par M. de Limon, p. 55, 56.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,

A

GALLI-*MAUFRY*

OF

BRITISH BEEF,

WITH THE

CHOPP'D CABBAGE

OF

GALLIC PHILOSOPHY,

AND

RADICAL REFORM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN JUNE, 1799.

——————— LIBERIUS SI

DIXERO QUID, SI FORTE JOCOSIUS: HOC MIHI JURIS

CUM VENIA DABIS. *Hor. S. lib.* i. *Sat.* 4.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

BARDS, in remotest ages born
E'er grandsire Jove his beard had shorn,
Taught by the Muse, whene'er they chose,
To Heav'n were wont to soar like crows;
But they have left us no memorial
To prove their flights were flights corporeal:
Hence we the volant part suspect
To have been NOUS, or Intellect,
While body snug on earth kept house
After his own inventions, NOUS,
Ere his material comrade miss'd him,
Scamper'd above the solar system:
Heav'n's King no sooner sent a summons
To his celestial Lords and Commons,

Than close upon the rear of each,
Nous flew to hear his gracious speech;
The consequent address he noted,
What patriot Gods th' amendment voted,
What Goddess made Olympus' portal
Eccho the din of lungs immortal.
Jove's parliament but ill accords
With ours,—we boast an House of Lords,
Who, to assist in their decisions
Admit no lady politicians,
Though their good lordships all connive at
Ladies who legislate in private:
But in the regions over-head
Divinities are better bred:
Heav'n's courtesy the petticoat
Admits in parliament to vote,
Bills to prefer, and in long speeches
Challenge pre-eminence of breeches.
From stock of male and female orator,
Here Nous his budget fill'd memoritèr;
Then in a trice to earth he stole,
Freighted with news for Jobbernol,
His sleeping partner, a muckworm, a
Dull dog, who stuck to Terra Firma,

And made it his grand occupation
To give the tidings circulation.
Hence Homer, Hesiod, and Lucian
Treat us with such divine confusion,
While Gods above and Gods below
In hotbed verse like mushrooms grow:
Cupids display their bows and quivers,
And Naiads, flound'ring in the rivers,
Braid their dank locks with cress and sedges;
And Dryads peer through hawthorn hedges.
'Neath branching elms in shady vales
Lascivious Satyrs whisk their tails;
Fauns breakfast upon hips and haws,
And Woodnymphs make with Pan faux pas.
Here Mermaids press their liquid pillows,
And sing to sleep the growling billows;
Or make the ravish'd whales they chaunt to
In the churn'd ocean dance coranto.
With canzonettas and capricci's
Siren's catch dilettanti fishes;
With melting voice and wily looks
Allure john-dories to their hooks:
And scate, and sentimental sturgeon,
To list their dulcet song emerging;

Bid pilchards and elastic grigs
Frisk to Scotch reels and Irish jigs;
Crabs caper to melodious rhyme,
And lobsters with their tails beat time;
Eels circumvolving quit their holes
To shew they've music in their souls;
Cod-fish, with gills expanded wide,
In cadence to the kettle glide,
And soals come leaping to be fried.
And, as the strain harmonious swells,
Enamour'd oysters ope their shells,
To please each chauntress fair and fickle:
Who some would eat and some would pickle.—

The Heav'n taught Bards of whom I speak
When time was young, in crabbed Greek,
Th' achievements of celestial legions
Detail'd among these lower regions.
The strains which rais'd Them to renown,
Into plain English melted down,
Make of each school-boy rhetorician
A prodigy of erudition;
Who manufactures prose too good
To be endur'd or understood,

And verse that emulates thy lay,
Jack Sprat! or thine, *Jack Holliday!**

* The narrow compass of this single line introduces to the reader two Literary Diamonds of the first water brought in contact, cheek by jowl, like the two kings of Brentford smelling to one nosegay, videlicet:

JACK SPRAT, Esq. and JACK HOLLIDAY, Esq.

To the irreparable loss of the republic of letters the multitudinous and sublime poetical effusions of the FIRST of these distinguished personages, Jack Sprat, Esq. have all disappeared in the lapse of centuries, except the Lay here alluded to, whose justly merited popularity is, however, such that it may be said to be as familiar to the ear of an Englishman, and nearly as old an acquaintance, as his alphabet. It will suffice, therefore, to insert a moiety of it; the corresponding member and climax of the strophe (which unites the true Grecian simplicity with the acumen of the modern epigrammatist) will be supplied by the reader's recollection.

"JACK SPRAT
"Had a Cat
"Had but one ear;"
&c. &c. &c.

But the known liberality of the SECOND of these eminent characters, the inspired Conveyancer, Bard, and Historian of the present day, Jack Holliday, Esq. has afforded us ample scope for our admiration in his recent and invaluable poem, "THE "BRITISH OAK;" disporting myself amid the pleasurable parterre of whose luminous poesie, I have cull'd a few, from amongst innumerous blossoms of rival beauty and fragrance, for the improvement and delectation of persons of true classical taste; who are, however, admonished to provide themselves with green spectacles, lest their optic nerves should suffer

In courts, cathedrals, armies, navies,
A blockhead 's now a "rara avis:"

from excess of light in encountering this redundant blaze of poetical excellencies.

"Lenient balm of Boscobel—Venerable forms sipping scented "gales—Kings dissolving Queens—Disguised tythe-pigs sleep- "ing in the snow—Muscular oaks bleeding for their country— "Sheep breathing transparent pearly shade—Listening oaks "standing impressive—Confusion rising from ashes like a "Phœnix—Lord Nelson's wide spreading wings—Majestic "meeting of courtly oaks—Undulating hills—Tender plants, "with auburn locks and sparkling eyes—Adopted temples "humbly towering—Heroes polished by Mrs. Damer—Docile "anarchists going to Pomona—Oaks winging Io Pœans through "a breeze—Mother Church winning sweepstakes," &c. &c. &c. See pages 3, 4, 5, 10, 13, 34, 24, 26, 17, 32, 33, 11, 8, of The British Oak. 4to. *Cadel*, 1800.

So overpowering is the radiance of our illuminated British Oak as, in a manner, to obumbrate and eclipse the diminutive splendour of Jack the First, or Jack Sprat, who seems indeed, in the comparison, to dwindle to the dimensions of a Parnassian acorn; while the laurel already interweaves its foliage with the congenial curl of our Conveyancer's perriwig, and derives fresh verdure from the huge celebrity of his Life of Earl Mansfield.

Yet how imperiously soever our predilection may incline towards Jack the Second, or Jack Holliday, impartiality demands that the world should no longer be kept in the dark respecting the real extent of the merits and exertions of Jack the First, or Jack Sprat; who, upon more serious and intense investigation, appears (as Jack the second *gravely* advertises of himself, Morning Chronicle and Times, Dec. 13, 1800), "*to shine with no less lustre as a biographer than as a poet:*" he being

This no extraordinary fact is,
For who'd the self-denial practise

at length clearly ascertained to have written the lives of two *other* illustrious Jacks, viz. JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, and JACK HICKATHRIFT; and although we can at this day authentically enumerate no other subjects whom his Muse has immortalized besides himself, his cat, and a venerable cotemporary matron, Mistress Joan Cole, yet certain erudite peripatetic philosophers (who are wont to lecture *gratis* upon questions of similar importance in the shop of Mr. Tho. Paine, bookseller, at the Mews Gate) scruple not to attribute to his pen the terse and masterly epitaph on a descendant of the great Tom Thumb, who had figured as a subaltern sheriff's officer in the county of Stafford:

Here lies TOM THUMB,
A Baily-bum:
When he was dead
The Devil said,
"Come, Tom, come!"

It is not indeed to be denied, that those sagacious "*friends*" of Jack the Second, at whose "*intercession*" he has been induced to offer himself for the vacant chair of Vice President of the Society of Arts (see a printed circular Address to the several Members of that society, dated December 30, 1800, and subscribed, John Holliday), are desirous of decorating their favourite author with this additional wreath of glory, maintaining, that from his professional habits and pursuits, he is more likely to have been conversant with the merits, and interested in the fate of the deceased practitioner, than his proto-type, and rival biographer, Jack Sprat, or Jack the First; and appealing, in support of their hypothesis, to the internal evidence of the epitaph itself, which they aver to be conceived and indited with the very same

That goes to constitute a dunce,
Where youths can eat and learn at once?
At once in wisdom grow and stature
By batt'ning upon literature?
Where league 'twixt belly 's form'd and head
By alphabet of gingerbread;

Pindaric boldness and spirit which Jack the Second *so happily* arrogates to himself in his advertisement of the British Oak before-mentioned.

When, however, we regard the respective merits of each of these Literary Phænomena in the aggregate, and candidly consider "quare sibi nectat uterque coronam," it is presumed that no one will be so rash as to attempt to decide, at least within the present century, whether the palm of pre-eminence belongs to Jack the First or to Jack the Second, but will leave a point of such vast moment, as an inexhaustible fund of controversy for the learned, till the commencement, or rather till the close, of the Millennium.

To have started so grand an argument is a sufficient honour for the writer of this note, whose enthusiastic admiration of Jack Sprat and his Cat, and of Jack Holliday and his British Oak, can only be equalled by the veneration which the latter professes for the British Nisus and Euryalus, *Anglicè, Lords St. Vincent* and *Nelson*, (see British Oak, p. 40,) and who, not to be sparing of sauce for such a SUPERFINE BRACE of JACKS, will wind up his eulogy in the words of a poet far inferior to either of them.

FELICES AMBO! si quid mea carmina possint,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!

Whose erudition appertains
To chitterlings as well as brains,
Which boys, whom matrons sage commend,
Digest before they comprehend:
Dry-nurses, and Doctores blandi *
Instruction blend with sugar-candy;
Puerile propensities discerning,
Make the red-lane the road to learning;
With spice and treacle in alliance
They mould the elements of science;
Economists of birch, cajole us
With many a literary bolus,
Whose more refin'd ingredients gain
A lodgement in the pericrane,
And would full oft betray our fancies
To literate extravagancies,
If not prevented, ere we grow men,
By Ballast-learning in abdomen.

Hence school-boys scout the birchen tree:
That weed of aristocracy,

* ——————Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores; elementa velint ut discere prima.
Hor. Sat. 1.

So many ages misapplied,
No longer wounds tyronic hide.—
In these enlighten'd days is birch
Preparative for state or church?
No.——Let us be no more beguil'd
By "spare the rod and spoil the child,"
Nor heed the cry of surly Sam:*
Who tells us—tho' 'tis all a flam—
"Boy's heads, where flagellation fails,
Discharge the ransom of their tails."
Though Greek and Latin heretofore
Were in request, they're now a bore.
We skim, from abstract and translation,
The cream of classic information:
Like cream from London cows translated,
Or butter-milk sophisticated.
† What lad of spirit cares a groat,
How Diomed and Ajax fought,

* The late Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there: so that what the boys get at ONE END they lose at THE OTHER."

Boswell, Life of Johnson, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 285.

† Nunc Athletarum studiis.——

Hor. E. lib. ii. Ep. 1.

While at each other hurl defiance
The sons of pugilistic science;
Who on black eyes and bloody nose
Read lectures to our Bond-street beaux;
Instruct clerks-militant and laymen
To spar with coal-heavers and draymen;
Make lords and crop-ear'd petit-maitres
Their prowess prove on tavern waiters;
Challenge their corn-cutter and taylor
To arms, and catch contagious valour
From contact with each ragamuffin.
Big Ben, Mendoza, and the Ruffian.——*
Who with Demosthenes or Tully
The lining of his skull would sully,
While Demagogues of mickle worth
At Anniversaries hold forth?
While T**rn*y, Gr****n, G**y, and J*k**l,
E*sk**e, law's cock, its *Chicken* Michael,

* These appellations of our modern pugilists assimilate more happily with the sounding names of Homer's warriors than those of Justice Shallow's juvenile associate champions: "There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black "George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a "Cotswold man.—You had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again." *Shakspeare, Hen. IV.*

Import their flow'rs of elocution
From Gallic soil of Revolution;
And make our Youth of all conditions
Turn democratic rhetoricians,
And prove in politics as knowing
As those who set their tongues a going?
Lo! where, pot-valiant, they attack
The Minister behind his back,
Who, they'll be sworn, usurp'd the helm
On purpose to undo the realm;
In John Bull's cushion planted thorns,
And took him roundly by the horns—
(Was ever Beast serv'd such a trick!)
When he was prancing to Old Nick:
Who clapp'd a padlock on his muzzle,
Maugre F*x, L**d**d*le, and R****l,
When, seiz'd like other horned cits
With revolutionary fits,
Amidst his disaffected swarm
He bellow'd treason at Chalk Farm!

But to return from whence we started:—
Though knowledge by old books imparted

In th' estimate is mouldy grown
Of those who have too much o' their own:
(Just as the sun's illusions splendour's
An eye-sore to our candle-veneers
For each dark spot upon its face
Who'd fancy a thousand in place,
With long succession of eclipses
Bronze his commercial like a gypsy's,
And boil it into its brass value
So 'twould put Tubal to a fallow
Still be with patient explores
Old erudition's classic stores.
Whose rings from Lethian ... ...
To trace the limits of ... ...
Tho' cart-loads of ... ...
Its tracts voluminous circumvent.
Some text may ... ...
That's pregnant with ... ...
As in old mines ... ...
With codwollin ... ... with ... ...
Bright guineas ... ...
Within its ... ...
Thus, while ... ...
He reads, the ...

Who brav'd the ruler of the sky,
Th' observer sees, with half an eye,
The fabling seers anticipate
Philosophy of modern date,
Who by profession's bound, and calling
Authority to combat all in;
Whose giant-appetite devours
Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Establishments delights in munching;
Takes a cathedral for its luncheon,
And kindly condescends to sate
It's hunger on communion plate,
Chalice, or consecrated flagon
Like Wantley's sacrilegious Dragon.*
A true philosopher and sound,
Who ravag'd all the country round,
Effecting its regeneration
By Gallic modes of desolation.——

* Houses and churches
Were to him geese and turkies,
He ate all and left none behind:
&c. *Dragon of Wantley.*
See *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Let then Refinement's sem[illegible]
From tales of cocks and [illegible]
Never [illegible] abandon [illegible]
Whence [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] n
[illegible] was
[illegible] own
[illegible] could
[illegible] the
[illegible] advantage
[illegible] rvations.
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Wherein, if any brains be found,
He turn'd 'em round and round and round,
Till, (as the legion-spirit stirr'd
To ecstacy the infuriate herd,)
He drove them headlong to the sea
Of overwhelming anarchy.

They swore it was a monstrous thing
The thund'rer should be call'd Heav'n's King!
*The Imprescriptive Rights of giants
They knew:—so bade him bold defiance;
Vow'd his supremacy to level
And with his gods to play the devil:
† Intrinsic sov'reignty, they said,
Exists but in the governed,

* Imprescriptive Rights——"Droits imprescriptibles," a favourite expression of French philosophers.——Rights paramount to all the antiquated prejudices respecting equity, property, integrity, honour, charity, and religion.

See *Topsy Turvy*, *page* 14.

† Such a latitude of audacity did these primæval Republicans allow themselves that they made no more ceremony of assaulting the great synod of the Gods than of anticipating the sentiments of the great enlighteners of mankind.—For Brissot, in one of his letters, declares; "We, the French, must set fire to the four corners of Europe." Camille

Who're born [illegible]
Etern[illegible]
And, sun[illegible]
T' [illegible]
Wherefore [illegible]
(Musca[illegible]
That [illegible]
[illegible]
W[illegible]
[illegible]
Let ever[illegible]
Spread [illegible]
From [illegible]
[illegible]
And old [illegible]
The [illegible]

[illegible]

of such [illegible]

* Monsieur [illegible]

[illegible]

Behold Typhœus, horrid form,
Foremost advance the impious storm,
The features mar of Nature's face,
Make Ossa Pelion's mighty base;*
Then mount astride their apex high,
Like rising scum of Anarchy!—
Enceladus at Pallas launch
Whole forests torn up root and branch
As easily as the *great* Nation
Tears up all sacred obligation!
Porphyrion, Rhœcus, sturdy Mimas,
Burn temples and abolish high mass;
And humble ev'ry mitred nob
In vile prostration to the Mob:
The Mob, before whose fierce bravadoes,
E'en philosophic reformadoes,
Fell desolation's work pursuing,
Quake at the storm themselves are brewing.
Mob Royal, and his royal Cubs,
The majesty of spades, and clubs,

* —— Conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres,
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam.
Virg. Georg. 1

Drays, dung-carts, besoms, mops, and matches;
Hamlet's gaunt king of shreds and patches.*
Whose awful mandate says express:
† Let people, nations, languages,
My potent sov'reignty adore,
As they, of old, fell down before
The idol of th' Assyrian king;
Just such another senseless thing:
Though here my simile runs cross,
Since his was gold, our Idol's dross.

Oh had success but crown'd these Hectors,
And giv'n Olympus Five Directors,
‡ (For just so many rebel pates
Venusium's Bard enumerates.)
Our WHIG CLUB, had it then existed,
Would, in their quarrel, have enlisted:

* ——— A king
Of shreds and patches——
Hamlet, Act II. Scene iii.

† To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages! That ——— ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up.
Daniel, chap. iii.

‡ Typhœus, Mimas, Rhœcus, Porphyrion, Enceladus.
Vide Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iv.

* For Whigs they were, of the old leaven,
Who *first* made breach of peace in Heaven:
And what do Whigs of modern days
But kindle wild sedition's blaze?
Expectant, in the contest's issues,
Themselves to seize those loaves and fishes
Which they can never hope to bite,
While honest men enjoy their right:
As pettifogger's dirty wiles
Set John a Nokes on Tom a Stiles,
To prove, by desp'rate course of law,
His title to a barley straw;
Reckless of a whole county's curses,
So they can drain the loobies' purses.

But Jove, to keep these rebels under,
Unlock'd his magazine of thunder.
Launch'd his avenging bolts, and sear'd,
With lightning's flash, Rebellion's beard.

* The Devil was the first o' the name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker.
Butler, Misc. Thoughts.

* Here Juno down Olympus' staircase
Kick'd sturdy Mimas' recreant carcase:
Here Pallas threw away her distaff
And crack'd Typhœus' skull with his staff:
Apollo there, with shaft unerring,
Porphyrion slew dead as a herring:
Here Vulcan strives to find in vain,
With his sledge-hammer, Rhœcus' brain:
Here Jove Enceladus o'erwhelms,
Who, with up-rooted oaks and elms, †
Brought to the proof celestial patience,
And cudgell'd all the constellations;
Put the spheres' music out of tune,
Swore he'd eject the man i' the moon;
Though a fine fellow of his inches,
He'd fire his bush, eat up his green-cheese,

* Sed quid Typhœus et validus Mimas
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu
Quid Rhœcus . . . . .
Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc Matrona Juno, et
. . . . . .
Delius, et Patareus Apollo.

† ———— Evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax.

Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iv.

His claret, at a sup, absorb it, *
And fustigate him round his orbit.—
But Jove resolv'd the braggadocio
Should ne'er from this time forth his nose shew;
So gave him salt eel for his supper,
And pil'd Mount Ætna on his crupper.
† Pent underneath his mountain tomb
A living death's tremendous doom
The prostrate swagg'rer undergoes;
Yet still with wonted rage he glows.
Oppress'd with more than mortal pain
He writhes and strives to rise in vain,
And, bellowing in despair and ire,
Black bile commix'd with sulph'rous fire
Disgorges: through th' incumbent load
Bursting, th' imprison'd flames explode,

* The Man i' the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, cabbage, and carot;
But a cup of good Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back. *Old Ballad.*

† Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Ætnam
Impositam, ruptis flammam exspirare caminis:
Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam, et cœlum subtexere fumo.
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

To Heav'n renew'd defiance bear,
And tell the Gods who sent 'em there.—

Fam'd Orator of Palace yard,
Thy melting eyes O lend the Bard!
Lend him thy bowels of compassion,
And pathos of the newest fashion,
To wail, with sympathizing grief,
The fall of each Insurgent Chief;
For when a rank arch-rebel dies,
In F*x's civic eulogies,
(Like homely jade by beauty-washes,
Or sugar-candy from molasses),
Regen'rated, transform'd, refin'd,
He soars, the noblest of his kind,
Heroes and demigods among;
A gilded fly from ordure sprung.*

† Hung be the SHAKSPEARE'S bar with black
Stript off an undertaker's back!

* See Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club, June 6, 1798.

† Hung be the heav'ns with black,—yield day to night!
Henry VI. Part I. Act. i.

The club's conven'd.—Yield day to night!
Waiter!—but half the candles light;
And half of that same half snuff out!
Enlighten'd Whigs can dine without.
Cold be the cod-fish, cold the sirloin!
The claret not worth two-pence sterling,
The punch of brandy void and lemon,
The soup black broth of Lacedemon,
The beef steaks scorch'd, the oysters stinking,
The port fit for the Devil's drinking!
Half boil'd too let the pudding come
A mealy waste without a plumb!
And let Dutch herrings shed their pickle
In sympathy with tears that trickle
Down Opposition cheeks and noses,
While F*x, his friend's apotheósis
Proclaims, the solitary herald
Of all thy virtues, fell F***g****d!*
To *kind* oblivion loth to trust
Defunct Rebellion's *sacred* dust!—

* ———— Ergo nunc Dama sodalis
Nusquam est? unde mihi tam fortem, tamque fidelem
Sparge subinde: et si paulum potes illacrymare.
Hor. Sat. Lib. II. Sat. v.

So hails the Democratic strain,
Philosophy, thy patriot reign!
So sound the lore, so pure the theme
Of thine inebriate académe!
Philosophy!—Not Thou of old
Heav'n-born to bless an age of gold;
Whose penetrating glance descried
The bounds which right from wrong divide,
And on the wretch indignant frown'd
Who dar'd those contraries confound;
Philosophy, at whose command
Fled Anarchy and Strife the land,
Peace rais'd her olive-circled brow,
And Plenty bloom'd on ev'ry bough;
Benignant at whose side enthron'd,
Religion her fair Sister own'd:
While both their institutes combin'd
To humanize and bless mankind.—

Far other characters arise!
Far other prospects court our eyes!
PHILOSOPHY revers'd we view,
Not of the Old School but the New.

Philosophy, which sets at nought
All that was dear and sacred thought,
And leaves for probity no room
In this world or the world to come:
Here decollates as useless lumber,
There dooms it to *Eternal Slumber.**
Philosophy, of curst extraction,
Whom Infidelity and Faction
Evok'd from midnight darkness Stygian
To plunder, and proscribe Religion,
And half th' insensate globe ensnare
With hollow smile and tinsel's glare:
As Paphos' Sov'reign meretricious
Rose from the sea so fair and specious,
Yet, spite of all that lovers swore,
And poets lied, was but a wh—.
Philosophy, inveterate foe
Of order, truth, and peace below,
Whose rancour never can be spent
'Till each rever'd establishment,

* "LA MORT EST UN SOMMEIL ETERNELLE."
Inscription for a public Burial Place, decreed by the French Convention, 1793.

Ecclesiastical and civil,
Shall be sent packing to the Devil.
Philosophy, whose grasping hands
Spit tythe pigs, seize upon glebe lands,
Rob churchmen of their Christmas pye,
Dispatch their brawn and rosemary;*
Beneath the cloyster's hallow'd floor
Burrow, to sap their cellar door,
And broach their casks of mellow'd juices,
Long set apart for pious uses.—
Philosophy, of Gallic climes,
Parent of unexampled crimes!
Philosophy, who, while she clouds
Bright Revelation's day, unshrouds
Dark-lantern of *Regeneration*,
That Will-o'-wisp of the *Great* Nation,

* Rosemary made a part of the ancient decoration of the brawn's or boar's head, as appears from the subsequent stanza of an old Christmas caroll, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, A. D. 1521.

" Caput apri defero,
" Reddens laudes Domino.
" The bore's heed in hande bring I
" With garlands gay and rosemary,
" I pray you all sing merely,
" Qui estis in convivio."

Whose glimmering sparkles emanate
From rotten pediment o' the state;
Just as stale fish and carrion trash is
Known to emit electric flashes.
But if perception's door be shut,
And density of occiput
Chance to make inadmissible
Her Gallic Darkness Visible,
Philosophy shall crack the pate
To let it in at any rate;
And all who dare to shut their eyes
'Gainst its dim gleam *Septemberize*,
Or guillotine the dogs by shoals
Only for being blind as moles;
Or, if they venture to beseech
Her pity, drown 'em all and each;
Or cut the varlets throats, or gibbet 'em
On Tree of Liberty ad libitum,
Where influence blest of Gallic sky
Their dark Aristocratic dye
May bleach to pure Democracy.

PHILOSOPHERS! ye grand empirics!
Had I the gift, in sounding lyrics,

I'd spread your praise from clime to clime,
And soar above this scurvy rhyme;
Who fractious patients bring to reason
By quaint incisions of the weazon:
Who dose with Exile to Guiana,
Instead of Ipecacuanha,
To cleanse from contumacious matter
The vitals of the Legislature:
Administer, to cure all ills,
Your grand specific, leaden pills,
Which purge us of Aristocrats,
Had they as many lives as cats,
And unooncern'd to Charon's steerage
Consign our hierarchy and peerage;
Send them, where—, hous'd in their last home,
The Kings of Brentford and of Rome,
Where Numa, Romulus, and Ancus,
Hippocrates and Saltinbancoes,
Where vermin catchers, law expounders,
Retailers of stale jokes and flounders,
And those incorrigible curs,
Conveyancing Biographers,
And knight's o' the pad who rob and stop men,
Mayors, marquisses, and Monmouth shop-men,

Tapsters, and conventicle praters,
Gospel, and gin-sophisticators;
Quest mongers and quodlibetarians,
Varlets who set mankind at variance;
Numskulls, and critics sharp as needles,
Phlebotomists, and parish beadles,
Gallic director, and dog stealer,
Bear leader, brawn and sturgeon dealer,
Chiropodist and Cambrian squire
All toast their cheese at the same fire.*—

There your Whitehaven collier's soul
Must find itself at home t' a hole,
Who to the Lord has sworn allegiance
O' the secular infernal regions;†
Serv'd an apprenticeship to night,
And darkness chose rather than light,
Since, deep as it may chance to go,
He's still but in the Shades Below.

* Ἐνθ' ἰῇ τιμῇ Ἶρος κρείων Ἀγαμεμνων,
Θερσίτῃ δ' ἶσος Θέτιδος παῖς ἠϋκόμοιο. *Homer.*

† The Earl of Lonsdale.

There, from terrestrial stage dismiss'd,
Bravo descends, and pugilist;
And not unsuitably with them mix
The sable corps of fierce Polemics,
For, though the sacred statutes warn all
'Gainst putting trust in weapons carnal.
Sturdy Polemics care not three-pence,
But fight with pens, *their* carnal weapons.
No mortal blood these weapons drink
'Tis true, but charge of mortal ink,
That black combustible, let fly
I' the cause of type or mystery;
And those who wield 'em, not content
To maim th' opposer's argument,
Traduce his character, call names,
And doom him to eternal flames.—

*What rage impels grave theologians
To loggerheads like Greeks and Trojans!

* Tantæne animis Cœlestibus Iræ!
The learned and pious Sir Henry Wooton desired these words might be inscribed on his monument,
Hic jacet hujus Sententiæ primus Auctor:
"PRURITUS DISPUTANDI SCABIES ECCLESIÆ."

What frenzy makes of rev'rend grandsires
Ecclesiastical drawcansirs!—

Discretion 's to Polemic Courage
The same as pepper to pease porridge;*
Which, when 'tis eat unpepper'd, gripes
With flatulency mortal tripes;
And sets the chitterlingian clan †
At variance in our inward man;
Where, as our tubes intestine soak,
Porridge excites pneumatic croak,
Tuning to base or treble key 'em;
And discord fills peritonéum:
Thus Zeal, not pepper'd with discretion, ‡
To the evangelical profession
Noxious alike, has often rent
The bowels of th' Establishment:

* The better part of valour is discretion.
Shakspeare. Hen. IV. Part i.

† A most irritable and contentious clan. See the relation of its fierce and tragical rencounter with Colonels Mawl-chitterling, and Cut-pudding, the younger; as given by Master Francis Rabelais, Book IV. c. xli.

‡ Vis consilî expers. *Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od.* iv.

Each varying blast of doctrine vain
Inflames her disputatious train;
Oft vex her frame intestine drubs,
And military mulligrubs;
And controversial cholic wrings
Our Mother Church's chitterlings.—
What 's worse—this pestilent explosion
Of controversy puts in motion
The spawn of Godwin and Tom Paine;
Who tell their dupes that worldly gain
Is the true cause which sets by th' ears
Her venerable cavaliers.
That, while they "*Orthodoxy*" bawl,
They're squinting at Prebendal Stall;
While they protest "*our Faith 's in danger*,"
Pant for preferment's rack and manger.—
This too Dissenters sets agog,
Who, hank'ring for the Church's prog,
And, sour'd with spleen, are ever ready
To scandalize the good Old Lady:
These fain would jealousies create
Betwixt her and her spouse, the state:
"Who 's bound in duty to discard her
"Because she excludes them from her larder,

" And keeps for her own pamper'd chits
" Her dainty morsels and tid-bits."—
This is th' offence and stone of stumbling
That sets their godly gizzards grumbling:
Hence, mad with spleen, Sectarian Shrews
Lay halters in her desks and pews; *
O'erleap her pale, her pastures forage,
And ratsbane strew beside her porridge;
With lunatic bans stun and fright her,
Threat'ning with Unitarian nitre
T' involve, in sudden conflagration,
Her ancient orthodox foundation. †
Hence, as his pockets empty grow,
Sectary, by inverse ratio,
Presuming his idea-case
Is full of inward light and grace,

* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, ——— hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge, &c. *Lear, Act III. Scene* iv.

† See Dr. Priestley's exultation while he is anticipating the overthrow of the Hierarchy, and the grand explosion of our Church Establishment by those *trains of gunpowder* which *he* has been *properly disposing* in order to blow up its *old Building of Error and Superstition.*

Priestley's Importance of Free Enquiry, &c. p. 40. &c.

Concludes to hide would be a scandal
The flame of Reformation-candle
Beneath a bushel or a bed; *
So from brass candlestic, his head,
Makes hypocritical pretence
Illumination to dispense,
And light us to discern each rent
And wrinkle of th' establishment.
Pious munificence arraigns,
Vows betwixt benefice and brains
He cannot find the least conjunction,
But (so debas'd each sacred function!)
That cauliflower wig the wearer
Serves for a cloud t' envelop error;
Short cassoc's figleaf to defect
And nakedness of intellect;
And blocks from timber-yards and quarries
Are symbols of church dignitaries.

Sectarians thus the church assail,
(Losers are privileg'd to rail)

* Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed, and not to be set on a candlestic? *Luke* iv. 22.

Since the transition is no more
Than from a less t' a greater bore.

But straight-hair'd Sectaries uncivil,
And whigs mendacious, who *speak evil*
Of dignities and Dignitaries,
(No favour sure to find in théir eyes,
If we admit Saint Jude's opinion,)
Go farther and *despise dominion.**
Loud murmurers, complainers these are,
Intolerant of Church and Cæsar:
At Shakspeare dinners *fearless feeders*
With parliamentary seceders:
Predicted mockers of the last time,
Who of authority make pastime,
And preach to Democratic herds
Resistance, with *great swelling words:*

* Likewise also these filthy dreamers despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities.
These are murmurers, complainers,——
feeding themselves without fear.——
The Apostles told you—there should be mockers in the last time——
and their mouth speaketh great swelling words.
Gen. Epist. of Jude.

" System * of terror Robespierreal,—
" Freedom's sad exile, death and burial—
" Despotic bills to quell sedition
" Abhor'd by virtuous Opposition,—
" The Sov'reign People—Age of Reason—
" Pure Guilt †—and Patriotic Treason,"—
Bid them take State and Church by storm,
Then: Hey, for RADICAL REFORM!!!—

As, when " Revenge, Timotheus cried," ‡
And maudlin Greeks electrified,

* The system of terror now attempted to be established by ministers in this country, nearly approached to despotism.

Duke of Bedford's Speech, Whig Club, June 5, 1798.

I have no difficulty in saying that the present system of the government of England is a system of terror—the system of Robespierre.

The principles of Liberty seem exiled from mankind.

Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club. Courier, May 2, 1798.

† He (the minister) had not scrupled to attack the very vitals of public liberty; and by *ill-founded* charges of high treason, to attack the lives of *innocent men.*

Mr. Fox's Speech in Palace Yard, April, 1797.

‡ Revenge! Timotheus cries——

. . . . . .

The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.

Dryden, Alex. Feast.

His strains inspir'd ferocious joy,
And zeal to level and destroy:
Such furious joy the Factious feel,
Such transports of destructive zeal
Inflame the disaffected swarm,
At sound of RADICAL REFORM.—
To Radical Reform ye Whigs
Carouse till ye get drunk as pigs!
Applaud it with accordant throats
Ye Corresponding Sans-Culottes!
With acclamations, three times three,
Toast it ye Lords of high degree
With whom no sense of shame prevails!—
Ye H*w*rds, R*ss*ls, L**d**d*les!
Whose wisdom it may well beseem
To lave your honours in the stream *
Of foul sedition,—and, with those
Who eulogize their country's foes,
(Those patriot-ranters, and true Trojans,
O'Connor's bosom friends and Grogan's,)

* Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams.
Macbeth, Act III. Scene ii.

Conjoin'd, like birds of the same feather,
Swear that you'll live and die together.*—

Who shall presume to analyse
What patriot peers so highly prize,
Of Radical Reform make known
The blessed operation?—STONE.
Didst thou not, Stone: the doctrine hear†
Promulg'd by Purley's holy Seer,
Pants not thy breast, with *transport* thrill'd,
To see his prophecy fulfill'd;
When Jacobin reform uncheck'd
Shall take its radical effect!
List! each Whig-commoner and peer!
Whig-churchmen, Whig-dissenters, hear!
Whig-bards your patriotic fiction
Forego for Parson H**ne's prediction!

* For his own part, he felt it his highest pride and gratification to avow, that to the last moment of his life by *that man* (Mr. Fox) he would stand or fall.

Duke of Bedford's Speech at the Whig Club. Courier, June 6.

† See a letter from J. H. Stone to John Horne Tooke made public on the trial of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, at Dublin, for high treason, from which letter an extract is given in a subsequent note, page 100.

Acknowledge, ye Whig-parsons all,
Among the prophets Brentford's Saul!
Hear him denounce extermination
To each rank, party, and persuasion,
Anticipate the doom funereal
Of dignity and state imperial,
When subjects shall not know subjection,
Nor *touch prelatic shed infection,**.
When prebendary vicar, sexton,
When all who gloss the sacred text on,
All *self-intitled* Babes of Grace,
Their spiritual descent who trace,
And Apostolic pedigree,
From fishermen of Galilee,
And, to demonstrate the relation,
Catch *gudgeons* by vociferation; †
Trap *flat*-fish with Sectarian tackle
To store pond of the Tabernacle;

* A spirited allusion of the Rev. John H**ne T**ke's, to the venerable rite of Episcopal Ordination.

† Of the captivating effects of Sectarian Stentorism, we are furnished with an instance in point from the Journals of Mr. J. Wesley, as cited by a late learned Prelate, in his Doctrine of Grace, page 99. &c.

"" The next and more powerful operation was on his female friends; and these, he as fairly struck dumb.—"" The whole

And anathématize and ban
Souls to the Devil's fryingpan.—
When commissaries, clerks, inspectors,
East India nabobs and directors,
When all our noble Peers and Peers' kin,
All barristers but Thomas Erskine;
When Pittite, ay and Anti-pittite,
Like Hivite, Girgashite, and Hittite

multitude were silent, while I was speaking. * Not a whisper was heard. But the moment I had done, the *chain fell off their tongues*. I was really surprised. Sure never was such a cackling made on the banks of Cayster, or the Common of Sedgemoor!—And to *chain up* the tongues of five hundred cackling gossips, he held, and with great reason, an exploit worth recording. Indeed he appears to have taken the most effectual method with them, that is, *to out clamour them:* for thus he measures out his own Stentoronic voice.—'Observing that several sat on the side of the opposite hill, I afterwards desired one to measure the ground; and we found it was seven score yards from the place where I had stood. Yet the people there heard perfectly well. I did not think any human voice could have reached so far." *Warburton on Grace.*

Had the late ingenious Sir John Hill been acquainted with the powers of our arch-methodist's full-mouth'd diapason, he might have spared himself the trouble of exploring the mouldy archives of the Royal Society for a recipe—"How to wake a "Norwich Weaver."

* ———— Omnis
Turba tacet,——verborum tanta cadat vis.—*Juv. Sat.* vi.

Driv'n, without surplice, quoif, or bannian,
From Revolutionary Canaan,
Promiscuous ruin shall o'erthrow,
The work of Horne Tooke, Stone, and Co.*

This you'll acknowledge, one and all,
Is Reformation Radical.
This Reformation in the gross is;
Beards, eye-brows, whiskers, warts, and noses

* "And now, my Patriotic friend, let me offer you my warmest and heart-felt congratulations on the IMMENSE PROSPECT OF PUBLIC HAPPINESS which is opening before us: YOU are among the small number of those, who, in the worst of times, have never despaired of the cause of *Liberty:* and you are the ONLY ONE who, when the *name* was *but a barbarism amongst us,* taught the great Principles of SACRED EQUALITY which we have so completely reduced to practise. I look forward, with transport and joy, to the moment when THE DOCTRINES WHICH YOU HAVE PREACHED shall receive their due accomplishment; when the various parties of MINISTERIALISTS and OPPOSITIONISTS, DISSENTERS and CHURCHMEN, NOBLES, PRIESTS, and KINGS, shall sink into one UNDISTINGUISHED MASS OF RUINS; *and nothing shall be seen or acknowledged but* THE PEOPLE, *the* SACRED VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Extract of a letter from J. H. Stone, dated "*Paris, 25 Nivose, Second Year of the Republic, One and Indivisible,*" forwarded to John Horne Tooke, London, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, convicted of High Treason, Dublin.

Its patent razor from your sconce—Sir,
Sweeps, at one stroke, like slashing Tonsor,
Beneath whose weapon hapless curate
Bleeds (ah, what Rector could endure it!)
And oft as Saturday recurs
And sees subaltern rev'rend Sirs,
Met by hebdomadary charter,
Bristles retrench, and sermons barter,
Read Anti-jacobin newspaper,
Whiff mild tobacco's friendly vapour,
And, hopeless of Vicarial port,
To Cerevisian draught resort,
To lubricate and wet their whistles
For reading Gospels and Epistles.—

Bid Semi-Reformationists
Declare wherein Reform consists,
And, laymen, cleric, whig, and tory,
They tell us, each, a different story.
Hear one to amputation spur us
Of that state-gangrene, *rotten Boroughs*—
List to another's dismal croak:
The Constitution 's craz'd and broke,

And there's no hope it will be mended
While *Habeas Corpus* is suspended.—
Dissenters cry: "We for the best
Advise you Sirs:—*Repeal the Test!*
Give Us preferment, wealth, and place,
We'll gladly undertake your case:
And, though we say't that should not say,
The whole Materia Medica
Has nothing in it, we'll assure you,
That like our *alt'rative* can cure you."—
The recreant crew, Sedition's panders,
With gross scurrilities and slanders,
Who bait their country's friends, and worry her
Through Morning Chronicle and Courier,
Those muddy channels of detraction,
Mishapen forgery, and faction,
Cry: "Give us, in this Age of Reason,
"Carte blanche to vend and publish treason;
"Free scope afford our green-goose quills;
"Rescind your d——d SEDITION BILLS;
"Deliver us from mortal fear
"Of PITT, the nation's charioteer:
"Precipitate him from his box,
"And to our Coryphœus, FOX,

" Entrust the reins—distinctions level—
" And only let us to the Devil
" Drive all your Ministerial train off,
" We'll leave you nothing to complain of."—

In an old book, that 's left i' the lurch,
Save by queer folk who go to church,
We read that safety 's to be found
Where learned counsellors abound;
If then, in zeal for Britain's good,
Of counsellors a multitude,
Opinions give profound as *these*,
And of their client ask no fees,
(Unlike your trading King's-bench counsel
Who admonition by the ounce sell),
Our Constitution safe and sound
'Gainst all attacks must stand its ground.—

Yet, 'though these reformadoes wiser
Than Solomon in their own eyes are,
They're but reforming geese and calves
Who do their business by halves.—
Patrons of Courier, Post, and Chronicle!
Whig Sectaries, and Whigs canonical;

Chairmen of Opposition revels,
Whig Printers leagued with all your devils;
Quid-nuncs, who climb debating rostrums,
What are your alterative nostrums
To Horne Tooke's Reformation Broom,
That sweeps an empire to its doom! *—

Doctors of Med'cine grow renown'd
By dint of making sick men sound;
Fame-seeking Doctors politic
With trite harangues make sound men sick,
And 'though they oft get nothing by't,
Prescribe and give advice for spite:
Patent pretend from mob-authority
To purge a plethoric majority,
And cure the sturdy wights who thwart 'em
Of loyalty,—secundum artem.
Yet ev'ry doctor 's but a dunce
To him who kills and cures at once:

* The present traitors did not aim at small and partial changes or amendments, but were secretly labouring to bring about the destruction of the constitution, and of government, by one sweeping and general change.—Non fortunas tantùm sed sanguinem nostrum concupiscent.

Mr. Abbot, House of Commons.—May the 9th

The Constitution in a breath
Recruits by bleeding it to death.—
Resolve, Horne Tooke, this paradox!
(For, proof against Old Bailey shocks,
What nobler triumph couldst thou boast,
Unless to fill th' important post
Of *meanest private* in the bands
Of maudlin cits whom Fox commands,*
A bankrupt cause and chest to aid;—
ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF OF WHIG-BRIGADE!)—
Thou who, by such a general led,
Wouldst dye thy cast-off black coat red,
Shoulder thy firelock, and take aim
At monarchy, the noblest game;
And neither conscience-struck nor sorry,
Search through the ranks thy Royal quarry.†

* Such are the doctrines of Mr. Horne Tooke, and he is the man who declares, that from Mr. Fox he has "*nothing more to ask, nothing more to expect; and that it will be the utmost of his ambition to be the* MEANEST PRIVATE *in those ranks which* Mr. FOX *shall command.*"

The country cannot be too often reminded of this Union, and of the Principles upon which it is founded.

Anti-Jacobin.—April the 9th, 1798.

† It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell, in the time of Charles the First, that if he found himself placed

Oh deign to state with just precision
(Reveal'd to thy prophetic vision,
And current in anticipation)
The sum, exceeding calculation,
Of public happiness accruing
From indiscriminative Ruin!
Shew how the wreck of ranks and orders
Shall give us peace in all our borders—
And blest Equality repay us
If we convert the realm to chäos—
Shew how, in cutting off a Crown'd Head,
The Rights of Citizens are founded!
Shew us how Freedom sanctions slaughter,
And changes blood to holy water!
As Spain's Jack Ketch of ancient date,
When Carlos quarrell'd with his fate,
Admonish'd him;—"Pray, Sir, be steady;
"'Tis FOR YOUR GOOD THAT I BEHEAD YE!"

opposite to the king in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. I go farther; had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty; I would have *sought him through the ranks*, and, without the least personal enmity, have discharged my piece into his bosom *rather* than into any other man's *J. H. Tooke's Letter to Junius.*

Let none contemn as tainted trash
This dainty Reformation-hash,
Much less our Whig-Archimagirus
To set us down to 't so desirous:
But join to eulogize Horne Tooke,
And freely own one Brentford Cook,
Who welcomes us to such Good Things,
Is worth a brace of Brentford Kings;
And, 'though our beef he 's gallimaufryd,
Swear 'tis the best we ever sáw fried!

Yet since Fried Cabbage, or, what 's worse
To some folks, Fricando of verse
From brain of poet piping hot, is
Likely to parch the epiglottis
Of patient readers, who neglect
Red Lane adusted to humect:
Let me an antidote suggest
Which all allow—" probatum est."—
Of old Oporto bumpers nine
Quaff to the Muses' healths and mine!
Thus prim'd I'll set before you soon
A SECOND COURSE to th' self-same tune.—

Cheaper you'll no where read or eat;
Since HALF-A-CROWN defrays your treat:
Of which for *Paper wove and prest'd* are
Two Shillings paid, for Wit a Tester.
And, as plump cits with brandy choose
To qualify roast pig and goose,
'Tis my prescription; "Let a dram be
"Taken cum REPETITA CRAMBE!"—

END OF THE FIRST PART.

CRAMBE REPETITA:

A SECOND COURSE

OF

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,

OR

BRITISH BEEF GALLI-*MAUFRY'D.*

——————————— Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius: hoc mihi juris

Cum venia dabis. *Hor. S. Lib. I. Sat.* iv.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

SECOND COURSE.

"Oh that I was a red hot poker!" *
Thrice that Stentorophónic stoker
Of coal-black conscience, R**l**d H*ll,
Vociferates,—"that I, at will,
"Might in your hearts, ye God-less race,
"Stir up the smould'ring fire of Grace!"—

Thus o'er their tankards and decanters
Whigsters and Revolution ranters,
Our H***rds, Wh******ds, Gr**s, and more hacks
Of Opposition, strain their thorax

* The exordium (thrice repeated) of a discourse delivered some time since at his Methodistical Manufactory, by the Reverend Divine above-mentioned.

Eager to kindle through the nation
A red-hot zeal for REFORMATION.
Would you believe these prating drinkers,—
The Constitution 's made for tinkers,
Who fain would patch up her old house, and,
While they mend one hole, make a thousand.
Reform, or democratic botching,
Is to New Whigs meat, drink, and lodging:
And oft they cast a wistful glance,
Where cherishes enlighten'd France
The TREE by Faction's vot'ries priz'd,
And hail THE BLESSING REALIZ'D.
See from that soil all ills expell'd
Which erst Pandora's casket held!
There kindles RADICAL REFORM
The Revolutionary storm;
Exterminates those unclean beasts,
Denominated Kings and Priests,
That, nurs'd in her Augëan stable,
Impos'd for ages on the rabble
Restrictions obsolete and odd,
Allegiance and the fear of God;
Taught duties barbarous and crude,
Justice, good faith, and gratitude;

Profanely cherish'd Revelation,
That sanctified abomination;
And bade men venerate the Bible,
That *Counter-revolution Libel*,
Of Gallic freedom, faith, and works,
Intolerant as EDMUND BURKE'S—
Though PAYNE has prov'd the whole a fable
Devis'd by rev'rend knaves in sable.
There, though the Sabbath 's out of season,
Décades they boast, and FEASTS OF REASON: *

* As the Festival instituted by enlightened Gallic Idolaters, in honour of the GODDESS OF REASON, does so much credit to the New Philosophy of the eighteenth century, I shall subjoin the following brief account of that memorable solemnity, as given in the Anti-Jacobin of Dec. 25, 1797.

"HEBERT, a professed Atheist, at the instigation of the execrable Condorcet, set up a newspaper, intitled—"Journal du Véritable Père du Chêne."—This paper was filled with blasphemy and obscenity of the grossest kind, and was distributed with a most pernicious activity.

"The blessed effects of this patriotic print were not long in manifesting themselves. The people, accustomed to see the Religion of their ancestors daily reviled, learned to think of it with indifference, and soon became ripe for the FARCE which CONDORCET, and his Atheistical associates, were preparing for them.

"GOBET, the Revolutionary Bishop of Paris, appeared at the bar of the Constituent Assembly, with his inferior Clergy, and made a formal abjuration of CHRISTIANITY. He threw

Turn Crucifixes out of doors,
And adoration pay to wh——s.
For France is too refin'd a nation
To worship, in the Pagan fashion,
A cold, insensate Deity
That cannot speak, nor hear, nor see;
Whose countenance a nose may brag on,
That never peep'd into a flagon;
Nay to take snuff, or sneeze, or smell,
A shoeing-horn might serve as well:

himself, he said, on the mercy of the nation, for having so long deceived them with the absurdities of the *Impostor* CHRIST, and his *pretended* FATHER, whose doctrines he now abjured with detestation and horror; and he assured them that in future he would acknowledge no other Deity than REASON.

"Here began the ceremony so much admired by our Jacobin prints. HEBERT kept a strumpet of the name of MOMORA, the wife of a renegado Corsican. This miserable prostitute was fixed upon to represent the GODDESS of REASON; she was fantastically tricked out, and led, at the head of a grand procession, to the Church of Nôtre Dame, the Cathedral of Paris. Here she was solemnly placed on a Throne of Turf and Flowers, while GOBET, and the rest of the Revolutionary Clergy, burnt incense on an altar erected just before her.

"While this was performing, the canon announced the instauration of the new Goddess: the enlightened people of Paris fell prostrate at the signal, and paid their brutified adorations at the feet of a street-walker and an adultress!"

Whose throat can chaunt no civic tunes,
Nor medlars tell from macaroons:
No.—French Philosophers take pride all
In worshipping a LIVING IDOL;
And to a Goddess sacrifice
Who, rosy lips, and wanton eyes,
And breasts protuberant, and what else,
Of meretricious goods and chattels,
Kind Nature gave, black, brown, or fair.
Devotes to public wear and tear.
To this Divinity they burn *
Incense, who freely one good turn
Wont with another to repay,
Can flames enkindle and allay;
Nay, to oblige her special friends
Can light their candle at both ends,
Repay their pious fumigation
By suscitating conflagration,
In pericrane of Philosopher
'Till his regen'rate brains boil over,
And adoration he'll gainsay all,
Save what is paid to REASON'S BAAL.

* —— Φιλοῖμεθμενοι θειάσαι πόρην πολίτιδα:
Clem. Alexand. Admon. ad Gent.

Thus while *above* his fervours glow
His Goddess fires her mines *below*,
Fraught with electric sparks and shocks
From Cytheréan tinder-box,
'Till he 's convinc'd that Cupid's torch is
A brand that scarifies and scorches,
And Reason's aid in this emergence
Less efficacious than the surgeon's.

Adepts in Alchemy renown'd,
Boast they've the wondrous secret found
Base coin of Birmingham to mould
And metamorphose into gold;
And royal Midas with a touch,
Old Fablers say, could do as much.*
Play'd he at commerce or all-fours,
His counters chang'd to luidores:
He strokes his chin, and all admire
His bristly beard become gold wire:
And, fed with choice rappee, his nose
A living mine of gold dust glows:

* ——————— Aurea fingens
Omnia.———

He walk'd his field and saw the sod
Teem with a crop of golden rod: *
He seiz'd his oaken staff; behold
In 's hand the Sybil's branch of gold! †
Of hock and water on his table he
Brew'd at each gulp aurum potabile: ‡
Converted codlins bought for farthings
To apples of Hesperian gardens: §
Pilchards and herrings in his dish
Transform'd themselves into gold fish:
Sausage envelop'd in a thin gut
He chang'd into a golden ingot:
Of mustard pot he next laid hold,
But grasp'd, in lieu, a pot of gold:
Your Vauxhall slice of ham or beef
He masticated to gold-leaf;
And bade black-puddings transmigrate
Into rouleaus upon his plate:—

* Aurea messis erat————
† Ilice detraxit virgam, virga aurea facta est.
‡ Miscuerat puris autorem muneris undis,
Fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.
§ ———————— demptum tenet arbore pomum,
Hesperidas donasse putes.—— *Ovid Met. Lib. XI.*

But in THAT COUNTRY where CONFUSION
Usurps the name of Revolution,
And petti-foggers and sow-gelders
Senates and Councils form of Elders,
Since Legislative confiscation
Answers all ends of transmutation,
Gold-making 's deem'd a sorrier trade
Than 'tis to steal it ready made:
And, since they're well convinc'd to boot,
That wealth of evil is the root,
They wisely wage inveterate quarrels
With ore that would corrupt their morals;
Which that they may preserve intact
They Midas' talent counteract,
And by their grand financial mystery,
(Unparallell'd in modern history,
In whose gazettes they bounce and vapour,)
REFORM their luidores to PAPER;
Make specie at their touch reducible
To nought in Requisition-crucible;
Ensepulchre men's gold and plate
In grand Crusophagus of state,
From whence regenerated cash is
Hatch'd like a Phœnix from its ashes;

And, freed in purgatory Gallic
From its corporeal part metallic,
Again to circulation springs
On metaphysic paper wings;
'Till, by the plund'rers who devis'd
Its fabrication exorciz'd,
And of all tenure dispossess'd,*
Evaporates the SWINDLING PEST:
While famish'd dupes behold dismay'd
CREDIT'S PALE GHOST FOR EVER LAID.—
But though at length annihilation
Hath rid of this fell scourge the nation,
Yet rancour, strife, chicane, oppression,
Craft, falsehood, treach'ry take possession

* Le croirait-on? C'était *le Ministre des Finances lui-même* qui, pour anéantir les Mandats, les avait effectivement avilis en faisant jouer secrètement à la baisse.

D'Ivernois. Tableau Historique, p. 30.

RAMEL (le Ministre des Finances) a complètement réussi à purger la circulation d'Assignats et de Mandats: et certes il faut convenir que leur Exit a été vraiment digne de leur début sur le théâtre de la révolution. Ils s'y étaient introduits par un VOL PUBLIC commis sur les vrais propriétaires; ils ont disparu à l' aide d' *une foule de* VOLS, † tantôt publics, tantôt secrets, commis sur les faux propriétaires. *P.* 39.

† See these robberies severally specified in an enumeration of decrees and acts of the Directory.—*Tableau, p.* 40. *Notes.*

In right of predecessor fiend,
And where their wide-spread woes extend
Ills more destructive than the first
Engender these Sev'n Sprites accurst.*

'Tis thus reforms enlighten'd France,
Both her RELIGION and FINANCE,

* En effet, la moindre difficulté était de se débarasser du papier-monnaie, puisqu'après tout il pouvait suffire de trois décrets de démonétisation pour balayer les Assignats, les Rescriptions, et les Mandats: mais ce qui est hors du pouvoir des EMPIRIQUES qui ont réussi d'abord à les émettre, puis à les faire disparaître; c'est d'arrêter les suites d'un million de procès interminables, aux quels le passage du papier-monnaie a donné lieu, et qui *font déjà eclater une véritable guerre intestine* dans presque toutes les familles de cette malheureuse nation. *Page* 50.

Je viens enfin d'achever l'histoire des Assignats et des Mandats, de ce VOL SANS EXEMPLE commis sur une nation toute entière, et favorisé par tous ces citoyens. Il restera maintenant à écrire l'histoire non moins déplorable des vols aux quels ces citoyens se sont livrés les uns vis-à-vis des autres. Si quelqu'un a le courage de s'en charger, c'est dans les régistres des Tribunaux qu'il doit aller chercher ses matériaux; d'ici à plusieurs années, ils lui en fourniront d'abondans. C'est-là qu'il verra *dans toute son hideuse nudité* la plaie incurable que le papier-monnaie a faite aux Français, et leur DEMORALISATION presque universelle: car il leur a fallu inventer ce terme pour exprimer d'un seul mot les ravages des Assignats. *Page* 70.

Whose reformation 's of a piece
With her REGEN'RATED POLICE,
Which scorns to tread the beaten road
Prescrib'd by law's impartial code,
No more on evidence depends
But bayonet to gain her ends:
All pleas of justice interdicts,
First dooms and afterwards convicts:
Expatriates its own creators,
Directors, ancients, legislators,
Bids 'em, by scores in waggons cramm'd,
With a "Sic Volo," go be d——d!
Proscrib'd unheard their native soil,
In Afric's torrid regions broil;
Or destins on Guiana's strand
To pestilence the patriot band,
Who, faithful to their public trust,
Presum'd at Paris to be just.*

* The violent seizure and exile of Barthelemi, Pichegru, and sixty-five representatives of the people, on the 18th Fructidor (September, 1797), to whose innocence, in the eyes of their own countrymen, we have the testimony (in *this case* unexceptionable) of J. H. STONE, the traitorous correspondent of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L. L. D. J. H. TOOKE, &c.

"You will have trembled for *our* Constitution, and probably

If such be REFORMATION's fruit
Where first that goodly plant took root,

felt some alarm for Liberty, on the events of the 18th Fructidor: You will have felt similar *disagreeable sensations* in hearing of the late arrests of the Deputies in Holland.—No one pretends that either those men, at least the immense majority of them who have been sent from time to time to Cayenne, or the Dutch Deputies now under arrest, are enemies either to Liberty or to their respective Republics; *no one of common sense entertains this opinion:* knowing many of the conquered party intimately, I can aver, that they have left none behind more pure in manners or more decided in favour of Republican liberty."

Original Letter from J. H. Stone to Dr. Priestley. Taken on board a Neutral vessel, 1798.

What guerdon and destination awaits men distinguished for purity of manners, and decided friends to Republican Liberty, at the hands of their grateful and generous Parisian countrymen, the following authentic extract will inform us.

CETTE MESURE est commandée par la politique, *elle est autorisée par la justice, avouée par l' humanité*," &c.—*Boullay.*

D'après la manière humaine dont Boullay s' était expliqué, en assurant que la nation Française, *toujours grande et généreuse*, ferait volontiers un *sacrifice* pour mettre les DEPORTES en *situation de s'etablir en ce lieu*, on est peut-être disposé à croire que le choix de ce lieu aura été aussi salubre que celui de Botany-Bay, et que c'est du moins sous ce rapport qu'on s'appliquerait à en faire, autant que possible, une mésure *avouée par l'humanité*. Rien de pareil; les deportateurs trouvèrent qu'il était au-dessous de leurs fonctions de s'occuper du choix de ce lieu, et ils laissèrent à l'administration le soin de

If her rich bed of Gallic mould,
With harvest of an hundred fold
Prolific teem,—with plenty crown'd
See France in *charity* abound:
Roast meat, she cries, if well she fares,
And with the world her blessings shares:
" 'Twere greedy to engross so much,*
" And give none to my friends the Dutch;

l'indiquer. A peine en fut-elle investie par décret, que La Combe Saint Michel donna à connaitre le degré d'humanité qu'elle allait mettre dans l'exécution de la sentence des DEPORTES. " Qu'ils soyent bannis du sol de la Liberté, qu'ils aillent respirer sous le climat brûlant de l'Afrique; ils etaient nés pour être esclaves." Ce trait, qui lui échappa dans le transport de sa joie, est tout ce qu'on connait encore (Février, 1798) de la destination de ses malheureux collègues.

Note. Beaucoup de gens croyent que leur destination est pour la GUYANE. S'il en était ainsi, c'est que pour se défaire plus sûrement de ses victimes, le Directoire aura *choisi tout exprès* le lieu même, ou l'on a vû périr, par des *maladies pestilentielles*, et par des inondations, toute la peuplade que l'ancien gouvernement Français y envoya après la paix de 1763.

Tableau Historique—D'Ivernois. Pages 266, 269, 270.

* In the winter of 1794, the French armies marched into Holland. On the 20th of January, a few days after their arrival, the French commissioners with the army published a proclamation, in which they told the Dutch, " In the midst of " war, *we consider you as our friends and allies*; it is under " *this name* that we enter your country; we seek not to terrify

" What, gorge alone!—while not a mess is
" Dish'd up for their High Mightinesses!

" but to inspire you with confidence. It is but a few years " since a tyrannic conqueror prescribed you laws; *we* abolish " them, and *restore your* FREEDOM."

" We come not to make you slaves, the French nation shall " preserve to you your INDEPENDENCE."

" Personal Safety shall be secured, and PROPERTY PRO- " TECTED."

Seven days after this first proclamation, the same Commissioners, having been admitted, with their troops, into all the towns, &c. published a second, in which they formally invited the Dutch government to furnish the army, within one month, with the following supplies, viz. 200,000 quintals of wheat; 500,000 rations of hay; 200,000 rations of straw; 500,000 bushels of corn; 150,000 pairs of shoes; 20,000 pairs of boots; 20,000 coats and waistcoats; 40,000 pairs of breeches; 150,000 pairs of pantaloons; 200,000 shirts; and 50,000 hats; and besides all this, 12,000 oxen, to be delivered in two months. This requisition they call their AMICABLE INTENTIONS, &c. and give the Dutch to understand, that in case the articles were not furnished they should be exacted by force.—This, however, was only the commencement; they subsisted their armies in Holland during the winter, took every thing they wanted, and *paid in depreciated assignats* AT PAR; and finally they forced the Dutch to form an offensive and defensive alliance with them against England for ever. This treaty was signed May 15, 1795. It obliges the Dutch to cede to France, " AS INDEMNITIES," two of their most important frontier towns, with the adjoining territories and one of their provinces; to admit French garrisons, in case of war in that quarter, into

" Come, ope your mouths, Mynheers, we'll feed 'em
" With *forc'd meat* of REFORM and FREEDOM:
" Start not 'though Frenchmen, sword in hand, do
" Present You with this fine Fricando,
" Here freely feed.—You run no risk in
" Respect of weasand-pipe or griskin,
" From your good friends who scorn to sabre
" Or stab an inoffensive neighbour:
" To answer might your wisdoms puzzle
" Reports from Gallic cannon's muzzle;

three others of their strongest frontier towns; one of their principal sea-ports, &c.; to employ half their forces in carrying on the present campaign under French generals, and finally to pay France, as a FARTHER INDEMNIFICATION for the expences of the war, one hundred millions of livres; equal to twenty-five millions of dollars, in cash or bills of exchange on foreign countries, &c. &c. &c.

In return; the French have driven away the Stadtholder and changed the government, but have not suffered the Dutch to adopt one to their own mind.—The Dutch have also obtained, in addition to all these proofs of amity, an offensive and defensive war against England, in which they have already lost all their rich possessions in the East Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, a great part of their fleet, and the remains of their trade. *Harpur's Observations, p.* 47, 48, &c.

In an enumeration of French Requisitions since published, the losses of the Dutch are estimated at the enormous sum of thirty-four millions sterling.

" But never let our charge affright
" Folks who can pay a bill at sight,
" Nor tremble in a vain belief
" We scent your herrings and smok'd beef;
" Each French Reformer with his own is
" Contented—your sage BELGIC CRONIES
" Won't in this weighty point mislead ye,
" Consult them and experto crede.*
" Then set your hearts at rest, and hear
" Our conscientious Chieftains swear
" By Him on high, whose kingdom stood
" As long as France thought fit it should;

* The French entered this unfortunate country (Belgium) under repeated and solemn promises of Protection and Freedom.—No sooner had they obtained possession, than *they put every article of property*, which could be of use to their armies, *into requisition*, and compelled the people to receive payment in depreciated assignats AT PAR; levied immense contributions; ordered measures to be taken to *compel the people to exchange their money for assignats* AT PAR; placed the country under the government of military commissioners, &c. &c.—and, having THUS afforded " LIBERTY AND PRO-" TECTION" to the Belgians, having thus " BROKEN THEIR " CHAINS," &c they proceeded to seize and confiscate for their own use, the whole property of the clergy in Belgium, to the amount of more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. *Harpur's Observations, p.* 51.

" Or Him below, th' infernal blade,
" Whom we've outdone at his own trade—
" Or we the Veidam oaths a score on
" Will take, or, if you please, the Koran,
" That France of your high mighty persons
" Shall be as tender as of hér sons—
" Shall pledge herself in solemn pact
" To keep your property intact—
" That of Batavian Independence
" We'll be th' assertors and defendants—
" With kind embrace fraternal greet you,
" And love you well enough—to eat you." *
The Dutchmen answer'd in a fright:
Since their French friends were too polite
To stand on formal invitation,
They felt a load of obligation,

* The Hollanders have been so happy as to experience the warmth of French affection, wound up to its highest pitch, which exactly resembles the insatiable ardours of the wonderful Stallion, of whom it is related, that he always endeavoured to devour the Mares which had admitted of his caresses.

See the account of King Michrage's Mares, from the World Underground.—Sinbad the Sailor.—Arab. Nights.

Whose weight they could not well express,
And therefore left their Guests to guess,
Who, over rivers, dams, and ditches,
As if they'd been convoy'd by witches,
On broomstick-geldings, whip and spur,
Brought 'em good news and gunpowder:
For both which blessings to requite 'em,
They would do any thing but fight 'em.
The points on which they had descanted
They took most thankfully for granted;
And—since they could not send them packing—
Drank their good healths, gin-grog and 'rack in.
" Save you, Mynheers"—cried these new-comers,
And merrily toss'd off their rummers—
" As you ne'er strove to keep us out,
" We'll grant you are wise men and stout;
" And for your victuals, drink, and lodgings,
" Expect, in lieu, from us true Trojans,
" Such feats, that ev'ry mother's son
" Shall own performance has outrun
" Our promises.—Our word we gave t' ye,
" To guarantee your persons' safety—
" And, lo, our thrice-redoubted soldiers
" Have left your heads upon your shoulders!

" This, from OUR REFORMADO-RACE,
" Account *no common mark of grace.*—
" We swore we would forbear to seize
" Your Property.—Then keep your fleas:
" And from your marshes, fens, and bogs,
" Though French-men, we'll not filch your frogs,
" But gratis be content to cut on
" Sirloins of beef, prime veal and mutton.
" And deem not we infringe our oath in
" Engrossing all your carnal clothing,
" Shirts, waistcoats, pantaloons and brogues,
" To furbish up our tatter'd rogues:
" Nor growl, tho' stripp'd from snout to great-toe,
" As naked as a par'd potatoe:
" What if your dinners, shirts, and shoes—Sirs,
" We borrow,—You can be no losers,
" Since WE FRATERNITY commute
" For meat and drink and clothes to boot,
" And, generating Reformation
" By fundamental denudation,
" Make Dutchmen, on whose spoils we've fatten'd,
" What this end loses gain at that end;
" And, from incumbrance freed below decks,
" Sansculottize both SOUL and Podex,

" Like those of CLOOTZ,* a precious pair,
" Stripp'd *sympathetically* bare;
" 'Till ev'ry Frenchified-Mynheer
" Shall emulate THAT BRITISH PEER,
" And most profound Gymnosophist †
" Of all the Anglo-gallic list;
" Who, 'midst th' Aristocratic corps,
" Abjured the breeches that he wore: ‡
" Dismantling his lean § Lodge of Honour
" To class with *Citizen* O'CONNOR.

" You 've a rare bargain, Sirs! In th' end on 't,
" We vow'd to make you Independent—

* " MON AME EST SANS-CULOTTES," said Jean Baptiste, alias Anacharsis, Clootz, the ingrafter of *spiritual* upon carnal Sansculottism: whom, during the paroxisms of his Skeleaphobia,—when he was untrowsered to the very soul of him—Robespierre judiciously arrested,

" ———— and sent him down *bare breech'd*
" To Pedant Rhadamanthus, in posture to be switch'd."

See Second Part of St. George and the Dragon. Pills to Purge Melancholy. Vol. III.

† Gymnosophists—a name given by the Greeks to certain bare-bottomed Philosophers of Antiquity, many of whose peculiar tenets are cherished among the Bramins of the East.

‡ Earl Stanhope, who avowed himself a SANS-CULOTTE in the British House of Lords.

§ *The place* where Honour 's *lodg'd.*——*Butler.*

" *Videlicet*—of your best friends!
" Which—if not yours—will serve OUR ends;
" And that is, you may well discern all,
" The self-same thing 'twixt blades fraternal.
" Then swear, as we do, on this jorum,
" In sæcula, boys, sæculorum,
" 'Gainst Britain's insolent dominion,
" (As swore the one-eyed Carthaginian
" Against Rome's peace;—nor deem, applied
" This simile, to your *blind* side)—
" Inveterate enmity to nourish,
" And shew, like Us, in actions currish,
" Who'd fire the globe, set hell in motion,
" To crush those tyrants of the ocean.

" 'Tis well!—Our Mandate You've obey'd.—
" Now, of Dependence, who 's afraid?—
" DE WINTER, see, the rogues have beat:
" You're independent of——your Fleet.—
" Lo, to the South, their course they shape!
" You're independent of——the Cape,
" Amboyna, Banda's isles, Ceylon.—
" (Who nutmegs wants, or cinnamon?)

" For Zealand and your Netherlands
" Care not.—We'll take them off your hands;
" And garrison your frontier towns.
" Thus France your independence crowns!—

" Yet, one thing please to note beside,
" That France must be *indemnified*
" *For these kind services* she 's done ye:
" Stand and deliver, Sirs, your MONEY!
" Grudge it not Us who came so far
" To sell you assignats at par.
" And, 'till sly RAMEL * knock' o' the head it,
" ENRICH'D YOU WITH OUR PAPER-CREDIT!
" We ask but—all that's in your chest;
" Pay that:—We'll trust you for the rest.
" Though you dared keep, ('till the Great Nation
" Effected your regeneration,)
" To fight pro aris and pro focis,
" A STADTHOLDER, beneath our noses.
" Down with your cash!—Well; since you've done 't,
" We'll pocket it besides th' affront;

* French Minister of Finance.

" And beg you'll live content and easy
" 'Till, as OUR SPONGE, AGAIN we squeeze ye."

The Horseleech * and her daughters twain,
Saith Solomon, the life-blood drain
Unsated, and athirst for more
They cry, " Give, give, da, da," encore.
Here doubtless, in prophetic trance,
Of THAT FELL HORSELEECH, MODERN FRANCE,
The sapient writer had a glimpse,
And saw her two accursed imps,
Rapacity, and t'other daughter,
Still more unconscionable, Slaughter:
For 'though her reformation zeal
Made of Sev'n Provinces a meal,
Still rages, ne'er to be controll'd,
Her appetite for blood and gold.—
Cold, temperate, and torrid clime
Sees her infuriate lust of crime
Burst ev'ry social bond, confound
Order, spread insurrection round;

* The Horseleech hath two daughters, crying give, give, da, da,—— *Proverbs*, 30.

Rob, outrage, massacre, and spoil
Mankind from Holstein to the Nile.

Yet Opposition France acquit,*
" The common enemy is PITT,"
Justly abhorr'd by each New Whig
Because he never cared a fig
How much his martial *provocation*
Incens'd *their friends* of the Great Nation.—
Yet ERSKINE will our ears be dinning †
With " France more sinn'd against than sinning,"—

* Whig Club, Freemason's Tavern.—Mr. Sheridan said, that Mr. Fox had delivered an excellent speech against the foreign enemy, and against " the COMMON ENEMY, MR. PITT." He dreaded the French more, on account of the *provocations they had received from this government.* *Courier, May* 2, 1798.

† Mr. Erskine assures us, that the FRENCH REPUBLIC *is more sinned against than sinning.*

Anti-Jacobin, December 25, 1797.

" On this ground (his having given from their chair—" The " Sovereignty of the People,") his Majesty was advised, at a " moment when it was thought that light from every quarter " ought to be let in upon the councils of the kingdom,—TO " EXTINGUISH THE LIGHT OF MR. FOX. Put out the light, " and then—What then?—To put down the recollection of " the legitimate legal Sov'reignty of the People derived from " the law and constitution of England."

" Perhaps some men expected that consequence——I DE-

And vent in *egotistic* prose his
Profound concern lest Whiggish noses
Should smell—if not a rat—a stink,
Since GEORGE extinguish'd Fox's link;
Yet CHARLES—*despairing of resistance*—
Still from St. Stephen's keeps his distance:
Resistance—You'll perhaps suppose
The patriot means—to Britain's foes.
Mistake him not! Fox recommends
Resistance to Britannia's friends,
Kings, Lords, and Commons: these, he fears,
Are but so many ROBESPIERRES;
Whom, since they've cured us of sedition,
He fain would cure, as Whig-physician,
Of playing such another trick
On England's body-politic.*

"TERMINED to disappoint them.——On MY MOTION the "Club resolved. &c. &c. &c."——

Mr. Erskine's Speech.—Whig Club, March 5, 1799.

* After the repeal of the Bill of Rights in the Sedition Bill, &c. &c. still less could I be surprized at any proceeding of the present government. After our experience of the system they have adopted in Ireland, which I have no doubt we should look at as a picture of the tyranny which they will introduce into England. Whether it be owing to the want of power, or the want of disposition in the body of the people of this country to resist this tyranny, I cannot pretend to deter-

" Can Freemen sleep secure o' nights
" While wrongs repeal the Bill of Rights;
" To curb, forsooth, Sedition's crew,
" All honourable men and true
" As HE for whom, at Maidstone tried,
" I swore so lustily and l—d ?—
" Back'd by right noble Blue and Buff-folk,
" Earl Thanet, Oxford, Norfolk, Suffolk,
" (Who told the Court, and told my Lady,
" Of morals, locks, post-chaise, and Paddy),
" In whose behalf too lied and swore
" Whig-commoners as many more:
" Hal Grattan, Whitbread, Taylor Mic—,
" Who, for an opposition *Chick*,
" Can *swear* a tolerable stick:
" Though nothing like US old game-cocks,
" Brindsley, the Barrister, and Fox."—
But if the friends of Britain feel
The rancour of our patriot's zeal,

mine; but SORRY I AM TO SAY THAT, from whatever cause it arises, THERE SEEMS AT PRESENT LITTLE PROSPECT OF RESISTING IT WITH EFFECT. I have no difficulty in saying that the present system of the government of England is a system of terror—the SYSTEM of ROBESPIERRE, &c. &c.

Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club.—Courier, May 2, 1798.

His general plaudit he bestows
As freely on his country's foes.
When the FELL SNAKE REGENERATE FRANCE
Cast her old slough, Allegiance;
When, teeming with a nation's woes,
Her baleful womb's convulsive throes,
Gave to the world its ravening brood
Of anarchists baptiz'd in blood,
Who, fraternizing with the rabble,
Those brick-makers of modern Babel,
Uprear'd her dread volcanic frame
Surcharg'd with Insurrection's flame,
That, towering in gigantic pride,
All powers of heav'n and earth defied:
Fox, with congratulating smile,
Enraptur'd view'd "the noblest pile
"That mortal wisdom e'er devis'd,
"And hail'd Eutopia realiz'd." *

* It had frequently been the practice——to recur to a Speech of a relation of his (Mr. Fox), delivered at the commencement of the French Revolution, stating something like these words:

"That it was the MOST WISE INSTITUTION, and MOST FINISHED FABRIC OF HUMAN INGENUITY," &c.

Lord Holland. House of Lords, Jan. 8, 1799.

We cannot help being struck with the happy coincidence

But when Aboukir's rescued strand,
Brave NELSON! thy resistless band
Beheld, of seamen bold and staunch,
The thunder of destruction launch
On faithless Gallia's naval host;
Round Egypt's gratulating coast,
While Britain's Cross triumphant wav'd,
Blest ensign of an empire sav'd!—
Proud of the palms his valour won,
While Albion glories in her SON;
And strains of gen'ral joy proclaim
The vast accession to her fame.*—

and sympathy in sentiment between our great *Whig Orator*, and the *Sans-culotte* "*Orator* of the human race" (as he modestly termed himself), ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, who thus addressed the French Legislative Assembly:

"The trumpet, which indicates the Resurrection of a Great Nation, has resounded to the four corners of the world.—The WISDOM of YOUR DECREES, and the Union of the Children of France, THAT RAVISHING PICTURE OF HUMAN FELICITY," &c. &c. &c.

* Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
Extendit oras: quà medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro:
Quà tumidus rigat arva NILUS.
Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iii.

See Faction, sickening at the deed,
From scenes of honest joy seceed,
Enshroud in tavern-haunts aloof
Her clouded brow and cloven hoof,
And prompt her chosen Advocate
Ills to enlarge on and create;
And mingle with adult'rate wine
His stream of eloquence malign:

" Friends, whose subscriptions line my fob,
" True subjects of my Liege, the Mob;
" Long since, you know, in sullen spite,†
" I bade the Commons' House good night,
" And march'd off, confidently judging
" They'd my secession take in dudgeon;
" And, *for the safety of the nation,*
" Intreat me to resume my station.—

* " The last time (I mean this time twelvemonth) I took occasion to speak to you in this place, upon public affairs, I stated that the circumstances of the times were such as to suggest to me a conduct (Secession from Parliament) which I have, as far as it depended upon me, pursued."

Mr. Fox's Speech, Anniversary of his Election for Westminster, Whig Club.—Morn. Chron. October 11, 1798.

" For, as old Cato at Rome's shows
" Thought fit to introduce his nose,
" Merely to take it out again,
" And stalk away in high disdain: *
" So I, on my SECESSION-hack
" Mounted, in hopes to gallop back,
" Hail'd by the rabble's plausive shout,
" Just as the Roman Churl went out.

" Though such has been my drift, 'tis fit
" That you should know your Chairman's bit.
" Sirs, at my stratagem they laugh,
" (Old birds are n't to be caught with chaff,)
" And jog on merrier than before,
" Since OPPOSITION 's now no more.
" Now this is horribly provoking
" To one who loves to clap a spoke in
" Each wheel of government's machine;
" I thought I should have burst with spleen:
" When opportunely You commanded,
" And straight from apex of ST. ANNE, † did

* Cur in theatrum, CATO severe, venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?— *Martial.*

† Mr. Fox's Mansion on the summit of ST. ANNE'S HILL, near Chertsey.

" Come down your SULLEN CINCINNATUS
" Relinquishing his roast-potatoes,
" Swing-tail and cacklers,* syllabub,
" And blooming BET, to serve the Club.
" So, without invitation given,
" Twice I've revisited St. Stephen:
" First, to devote to execration,
" That most unprincipled invasion
" Of Sovereign People's goods and chattels,
" To fight their Subject-Monarch's battles;
" Which, though some choose to call ' assessment,'
" Depend upon 't there's nothing less meant
" Than from your pockets to purloin,
" And to their own translate your coin:
" When, so complete was my success,
" You'll never pay one doit the less. †
" Proud of encouragement like this,
" I thought it would not be amiss

* Fowls and Bacon.

† During the course of the last year I made some exceptions to my general conduct, in obedience to your commands: I attended the discussion of That Bill, which, under colour of taxation, was a general system of unprincipled invasion of the property of the people, to serve the purposes of government; you know how little success attended my efforts upon that occasion in the House of Commons."— *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

" To bore the House another day,
" And with desponding phiz pourtray
" The storm that o'er the heads was gathering
" Of OUR UNITED IRISH BRETHREN,
" Harass'd by PITT in their vocation
" Of treason and assassination:
" Such tyranny 'twas deem'd you'd kick at;
" So here the Commons clos'd their wicket.
" On mischief they were bent, no doubt,
" When they presum'd to shut YOU out,
" And keep,—indignant I remark—
" Their own Constituents in the dark.*
" Alas! this dark, exclusive dealing,
" Affects me with a fellow-feeling;
" Who, for these fifteen years and more,
" Have been o' the *wrong side* of the *door*:

* " Upon another occasion, that of the affairs of Ireland, I attended, and then the public were deprived of the advantages of information of the proceedings in Parliament; for the doors of the Commons' House were shut against its own Constituents. The motive of this could not be misunderstood. Those who had remarked the whole system of the administration of that unfortunate kingdom, were convinced that it could not be examined without exposing the enormities of government. They therefore shut out the public from information, being determined to keep them as much in the dark as possible."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Shut out o' the Cabinet in spite,
" With partner N**** at twelve at night: *
" Scath'd with the blast, abrupt and rude,
" Of th' ill state wind that blows none good:
" Which broke the firm of Coalition;
" Thenceforth the topic of derision:
" Compell'd me *poverty* to plead,
" A Yellow Patriot run to seed; †
" A patriot, useless ev'ry where,
" Save in CONSERVATORIAL Chair, ‡

* Between twelve and one o'clock at night, on the eighteenth of December, 1783, a Special Messenger delivered to Lord North and Mr. Fox, the two Secretaries of State, a message from his Majesty, importing, that it was his Majesty's will and pleasure that they should deliver to him the seals of their respective offices. On this message the Seals were sent to Buckingham-house by Mr. Frazer and Mr. Nepean, the two under Secretaries.

† A Yellow Patriot—*i. e.* a patriot upon the wane, " fall'n " into the sear, the yellow leaf," whom neither the people nor the cause of liberty are likely to be the better for—as Mr. F. describes himself at the conclusion of his speech:—A patriot laid on the shelf, like a Yellow Admiral, and displaying the same colours BLUE AND BUFF.

‡ " This club had been truly said to be a *Conservatory* of the principles of our ancestors, when all other descriptions seemed eager to forget them."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, March 5, 1799.

" Where I great Freedom's rites prolong,
" With HOWARD'S toast and DIGNUM'S song;
" Fost'ring, with vinous irrigation,
" The *baby*-cause of Reformation,
" While all our democratic prigs
" Hail me WET-NURSE OF SUCKING-WHIGS. *

" Last year's events I've scann'd—they shew me †
" Some prosp'rous scenes, and others gloomy;

* No genuine WHIG CLUB, Whiggery, or Secession-seminary, can be properly trained and conducted without the care of a superintending Symposiast, or WET-NURSE, as it receives its natural and political nutriment from suction. Your Sucking-Whigs *unite their speculations* (as Locke expresses himself to another purpose) *with their Sucking-bottles.* They suck in or imbibe with their ears, Philippics, denouncing " the fall of " Sceptres and of Crowns,"—Exactos Tyrannos *bibunt Aure*—and with their mouths, the sophisticated Oporto of the tavern: —purpureo *bibunt Ore* Nectar.—It is the double province of the CHAIR-WOMAN, or WET-NURSE, to circulate *Seditious Sentiment* and the SUCKING-BOTTLE, with a " Here we go round, round, round!"—instilling

Imbiberet teneris quod *mustea* sensibus ætas,
————*udæque* docens inolescere menti.
Jos. Scaligeri. Fun. Lib. p. 89.

Maddening with Revolutionary wassel,
Irriguous souls of WHIGLINGS drunk and docile.

† " During the last year various events have happened, some of them prosperous, and others of them gloomy: but, taking

" Together ta'en—they on my mind
" No good impression leave behind.
" Now, you must know, my friends, I like
" That same Philosopher antique,
" (Though be assured, not half so well,
" As THOSE in France that bear the bell)
" Who, with his royal master chattering,
" Requested to dispense with flattering
" His Majesty, would condescend,
" Because he meant to be his friend.—
" And thus, for ev'ry ROYAL SIR,
" (*Elector*, viz. of *Westminster;*
" For other Royalty, you know,
" I've turn'd my back on long ago,)
" Trust me, the high consideration
" I feel precludes all consolation:
" I, your *true* friend, see nought but evils,
" Enough to give you the Blue Devils.

them together, I confess the impression upon my mind is not favourable.—It was a saying, which I have always admired, of a celebrated philosopher of antiquity, to his king—" I cannot be " your friend and your flatterer too." Just so is it with me; I cannot, while I profess to be your friend, give you any comfort." *Mr. Fox's Speech, October* 1798.

" You've toasted NELSON in a brimmer: *—
" Yet fortune, to my ken, looks grimmer
" By half, Sirs, than she did before he
" Enhanc'd Great Britain's naval glory.
" 'Twas, I'll admit, a feat to crack on—
" Yet this White Day 's to me a Black One;
" And since some weep for joy, I'll borrow
" Of Joy a tear or two for Sorrow.
" Te Deum sing who will to cheer ye;
" I choose to chaunt my Miserere;
" And, for the Souls, lament and groan,
" Of those who told us THEY HAD NONE!
" Judge, you who quaff Shaksperian wine,
" How dreadful to be drench'd with brine!
" Ah! what induc'd our gallant fleet,
" With nauseous draught saline to treat
" (Not attic salt like Sheridan's)
" Th' advent'rous citizens of France!

* " We have drank the health of the brave and gallant Commander, Admiral NELSON, and the Seamen under his command. The victory obtained by them is the most signal, the most gallant, and, in every respect, the most glorious, that ever was recorded in the annals of the world, &c."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Heav'ns !—were the Great Republic's founders
" Compell'd to fraternize with flounders !—
" And serve the world's Regenerators
" For sandwiches to alligators !
" Of thrice-renown'd, tri-colour'd flags
" Shall Cophtis make their pudding bags,
" Or sulph'rous explosion toss over,
" To crocodiles, a French philosopher ! !——
" Had I a heart of oak or flint,
" 'Twould break, or else the devil 's in't,
" To recapitulate————Hei Mihi !—
" Such tragi-conquest with a dry eye ! ! !

" But should your favouring smiles applaud
" Our naval victories abroad ;
" Look, Sirs, but on this side the water,
" At Home you'll find no laughing matter : *

* " But, if you look at the other part of the conduct of the Executive Authority of this country, either abroad or at home ; if you look at our internal state, and that which ought to concern us still more, the state of the Constitution, then will you be bound to confess, that with all your naval triumphs, your prospect was never more gloomy than it is at the present hour."

Mr. Fox, in May 1798, recommended to his Whig-Auditory, that they should reserve themselves for more propitious times,

" But rue with me—since execution
" Is done on England's Constitution. *

† " I've stated to you once before,
" How your own Senate shut its door,
" And left you all without to wail
" Freedom as dead as a door nail:
" Yet this attempt your rights to stifle
" May be regarded as a trifle,
" When 'tis compar'd with their address in
" Entrenching on your greatest blessing.

in which they might exert themselves with spirit for the *recovery* of the Constitution; for to speak of its *preservation*, said he, would *now* be Mockery and Insult.

See Courier, May 2, 1798.

* " Is execution done on Cawdor yet?" *Macbeth.*

† " I have stated to you the shutting of the doors of the House of Commons, to prevent the public from having proper information of its proceedings: that is a point in itself extremely important; but it amounts to little more than nothing, in comparison with the steps that have been constantly taken, of late years, to destroy the greatest blessing a people ever enjoyed. I need not tell you, I mean the Liberty of the Press.—In Ireland it is now no more, and it was extinguished there in a more marked manner than in this country; but in both the object is the same, although the means to attain it are different."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" What I'm now driving at you'll guess ;—
" The Liberty of England's Press—
" For that of Ireland,—I deplore—
" And its Conductor * now no more
" Can elevate Rebellion's flag, or
" Direct Assasination's dagger.
" † These prosecutions—Whence do they come ?
" From folks above (the devil take 'em)
" Who Publishers of dang'rous treason
" By durance vile would bring to reason :
" 'Tis for *true patriots*, in terrorem,
" That Ministers the rods hold o'er 'em

* The self-convicted traitor, Arthur O'Connor, the conductor of a most flagitious Irish paper called " The Press."

† " To manifest a determination to put an end to that Palladium of all Freedom, prosecutions of every kind are instituted against the publishers of political works, instead of the authors, and that too while the author himself is ready to come forward. To what use do you imagine these prosecutions are thus carried on ? To what use can they be, except of striking terror in the minds of men about publishing any thing upon public affairs, and to render it impossible for any man, with safety, to publish any thing that is adverse to the present Administration of this Country. This, I am persuaded, has already had a very considerable effect ; it produces terror every day, and will soon extinguish the spirit of the Press."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Of scourge, imprisonment, and fine;
" The case, Sirs, may be yours or mine:
" Would it not be confounded hard,
" *Perch'd on a Butt in Palace Yard,*
" Should I our democratic Hectors
" Call to attend my public lectures,
" And recommend all those that hear 'em,
" To strip their betters, or cashier 'em;
" Tell those good fellows, when they list,
" They're in the right on't to resist
" (So they from hemp can skreen their gullets)
" Their governors with pikes and bullets——
" If, while to such a tune they dance,
" To be laid hold of 'twas my chance.—
" Promulgating such wholesome tenets,
" If rigorous Police between its
" Talents intolerant should gripe your
" Chairman, and make him pay the piper—
" Shut him up close in Bastile barr'd,
" Associate of oppress'd DESPARD,—
" Should it, for broaching all these fine tales,
" Reward him with a cat o' nine tails—
" Should Justice cripple Whig-exertion
" With flagellation and coertion—

" But soft!—Your eyes the sorrows share
" That stream from this *Prophetic* Chair:
" So painful is the theme, unmann'd I
" Despair!—Fill up the punch with brandy!
" Give SHERIDAN a glass of rum too!
" Ah, DICK!—'tis what WE ALL must come to!

" Yet ills on ills I must unfold,
" Tragic as these already told:
" When MINISTERS assail'd the Press, *
" 'Twas with mask'd battery and finesse
" They strove the subject's rights to master—
" And, when the Commons' House made fast her
" Doors on the discontented herd,
" 'Twas then mum chance, and snug 's the word!
" (If still I harp on " Shutting Door"—
" Forgive me—on *that* point I'm sore)

* " But although the means employed to silence the Press be not so glaring as in another kingdom, and therefore do not make the same impression; and although the shutting the doors of the House of Commons are alarming enough, and not the less so to a discerning mind for being moderate in appearance; yet, upon one occasion, Ministers dealt candidly by the public—they spoke boldly out." *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

" Yet once THEY borrow'd Candour's vest,
" And boldly, what they thought express'd.—
" When late the Foe, resolv'd t'invade us,
" Plann'd their invincible Armadas
" Of windmill-raft and air-balloon,
" Like Bedlamites at full o' the moon;
" Hector'd, and vow'd they'd give no quarter
" To British Pudding, Beef, and Porter,
" And shew'd their nose in Bay of Bantry;—
" Then every * guardian of his pantry
" To our State-chiefs his service tender'd:
" For apprehension keen engender'd
" A military influenza:——
" Marshall'd on ev'ry side you thén saw
" Heroes that Mars himself might brag on;
" (Not Cadmus, dentist to the dragon,
" With grinders from the monster's chops
" Extracted, rais'd more valiant crops,)
" Saw PLEADERS, *in contempt* of Courts,
" Quit law—for gunpowder—reports;

* " Some time ago, as you all remember, from the apprehension of danger, a great spirit appeared ready for the public defence, and *all descriptions of persons* offered themselves for that purpose." *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

" Saw CLERKS their sable stole and beaver
" Discarding, catch the *scarlet fever;*
" Zeal militant DISSENTERS seize,
" And make starch QUAKERS "stand at Ease;"
" Then COOKS took leave of roast and fried,
" And clapp'd their spits upon their side,
" Forswore their gridironic toils,
" And sigh'd for none but *hostile* broils:
" Then CHIMNEY SWEEPS and PRINTERS' IMPS,
" From black turn'd red, like scalded shrimps;
" BUTCHERS their slaught'ring blades on steel
" Whetted for foes instead of veal,
" While sound of spirit-stirring drum
" Struck marrow-bones and cleavers dumb:
" No leaven froth'd in BAKERS' bowls,
" Who thought of none but *muster*-rolls:
" NO TAILOR clapp'd his goose the fire on,
" But hot relinquish'd for cold iron,
" And of nine Snips brought up the rear,
" Who clubb'd to make one Grenadier;
" Courageous COBLERS left their stalls,
" And chang'd for bayonets their awls;
" TANNERS their trade no longer plied,
" Each swore he'd tan a Frenchman's hide;

" Then SQUIB-MAKERS their art renounc'd,
" And of feats martial crack'd and bounc'd;
" BARBERS, for Britain's weal alarm'd,
" Turn'd out, with *barb'rous* weapons arm'd, *
" Suspending on their poles, 'till then signs
" Of peaceful shavery, warlike ensigns;
" BLACKSMITHS recoiling from their labours,
" Hammer'd their horse-shoes into sabres;
" PORK-WIVES left sausages and souse,
" To stuff ball-cartridges for spouse;
" Nay, chitterlings to sword-belts twisted:
" While e'en the HANGMAN'S self inlisted,
" Threat'ning with steel, instead of rope,
" To give destruction ampler scope.

* The subsequent extract, from an Oration of the venerable RALPH BATHURST, delivered in the Convocation House of the University of Oxford, over which he presided as Vice-Chancellor as long ago as the year 1676, may be regarded as an Academical Prediction of the extraordinary though not unnatural influence of the Military Mania in after times upon the Tonsoric Species:

" TONSORUM plena sunt omnia: obtrudunt se proficiscen
" tibus, *invadunt* redeuntes; obvio cuicunque, BARBARA TELA,
" forfices et novaculas intendunt."

Orat. habit. in Dom. Convocat. Oxon, Nov. 10, 1676.

See the Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, by T. WARTON.

" Amidst this military bustle,*
" Summon'd his merry men brave RUSSEL,
" And took his station at their head:
" Not those in livery white and red,
" But those same five-and-twenty Jacks
" For whom to pay that scurvy tax
" On serving-men a just aversion
" Brought a surcharge his ducal purse on. †
" ('Tis thus Administration greedy,
" Grinds, unconcern'd, the *poor* and *needy*,)

* " MR. TIERNEY and the DUKE of BEDFORD, with a considerable body of men, offered their services, but they were rejected. Administration told them—'You must not have arms in your hand, because you have not the confidence of the Ministers.' In other words, Ministers have said—'You are not for us personally, and we will not trust you with arms. We will arm but one half of the country, lest the other half should recover its liberties.' I think it is impossible for any man of the least common sense to help seeing the drift of all this conduct." *Mr. Fox's Speech, October*, 1798.

† The Duke of Bedford was surcharged for *twenty-five* servants, in addition to twenty-six, which he had entered; they acted in the following capacities:

Porter, 1; Gardiner, 1; Postillion, 1; Helpers, 21; Gamekeeper, 1.

His Grace was also surcharged for *seventeen horses (forgotten* in his statement) in addition to thirty, which were previously entered.

" While the main body of these blades
" Bestrode sev'nteen *forgotten* jades,
" Eight trudg'd behind, through wet and dry,
" A doughty corps of infantry;
" Who sported spatterdash or pumps,
" Or charg'd without 'em on their stumps.
" GEORGE TIERNEY too around him rallied,
" His Borough-mongrel Squadron squalid;
" Resolv'd on *working* Reformation
" With *Southwark leaven's* fermentation, *
" Who've done things great, renown'd and rare,
" The dev'l and GEORGE know what they are: †

* Among a number of *select* Sentiments which were drank with great applause at the celebration of Mr. Tierney's election for Southwark, (see *Morn. Chron. December* 24, 1796.) was the following:

" May the Leaven of Southwark ferment in every borough in the kingdom!" The credit of this truly patriotic effusion is said to be arrogated by Brigadier Batch, a baker of Frying-pan Alley.

† " We have done GREAT THINGS between us; when I say We, you will understand I mean always to respect duly my better Half, the Electors of the borough of Southwark."

" I say I have deserved well of my country: You deserve well of your country.—We are what Constituents and a Representative ought to be." *Celebration of Mr. Tierney's Election, Morn. Chron. Dec.* 24, 1796.

" If you'll believe him, They and He
" Are just what patriots ought to be,
" He their whig herd-man and his flocks
" And herds constituent whig-blocks.

" Sirs, 'twas a most outrageous wrong
" That varlets, five-and-twenty strong,
" Who, all of them, not worth a groat are,
" Besides a DUKE *of the first water*,
" To Government so well affected,
" Should have their services rejected!!——
" Sure 'tis high time, when thus they scout 'em,
" For Citizens to look about 'em!
" And, since the Country values not 'em,
" To trade upon their own Whig-bottom.
" Since Lord-Lieutenants treat like aliens
" GEORGE T**R**Y's Tag-rag-and-bobtailians;
" Halberds withhold, and swords and guns
" From Southwark's patriotic sons,
" Contemn the myrmidons of Freedom,
" Just as the vict'ling knaves who feed 'em
" In lofts, or culinary caverns,
" And cellars of their sheep's-head taverns

" Are wont t' impound 'em 'till they pay bill;
" And chain their knives and forks to th' table:
" As if, to Rogues, they would denote,
" Give but a knife, they'll cut your throat;
" And, to compensate drawing corks,
" Pocket your spoons and knives and forks.—

" Perhaps what course 'twere best to steer,
" You'll ask, but on this point I fear
" I cannot give you satisfaction;
" Because MY SYSTEM IS INACTION: *
" So where Saint Anne's hill rears its head,
" For my part, I'll *retire*—to bed †
" When I've toss'd down another cup:
" Come dear BET A******D, tuck me up!

* See the following Notes.

† Κεῖται καλὸς Ἄδωνις ἐπ' ὤρεσι——
——καὶ Κύπρις ἀνιᾷ
Ἀσπίδι ἀποψύχων. *Epitaphium Adonidis.*

On Saint Anne's green summit high,
In listless INACTIVITY
Adonis sleeps, while Venus moans:
" Alas! SECEDING WHIGS are drones!"

" And, as for YOU, Sirs, Law obey; *
" Or you'll be tuck'd up *t'other way:*
" Not better counsel nine in ten
" Could give you—for I know my men. †
" If PITT you combat, you'll be worsted;
" By him you're better known than trusted:
" So hence I draw conclusion plain,
" Howe'er it goes against the grain;
" That quietly submit you must,
" Till time serves to kick up a dust. ‡

* " I am for strict *obedience to the laws*, and, for myself, *retirement.*" *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

† He knew the spirit of the People of Westminster intimately. *Report of Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, Dec. 5, 1797.—Morn. Chron.*

‡ " With this view of the situation of things I may be asked —What would you advise? To which I answer, I see a great difficulty to give any advice that may be of any service; and therefore I can offer none. For myself, however, I can only say, that MY SYSTEM IS INACTION AND RETIREMENT. I shall pay obedience to the law, and I recommend the same conduct to you; not that I mean to flatter you with any hope that it will better your condition; but under your present circumstances, and indeed the circumstances of the whole world, it is best for you, in my opinion, to wait with quiet submission the turn of events for recovering (for indeed you have not preserved) the glorious Constitution of your forefathers."

" It may be said: ' if you retreat,
" Good Mister Fox give up your seat*
" To some one else.'—Soft, Sirs, I trow
" Two words to such a bargain go:
" In seasons of distrust and danger
" Is't fit the dog should quit the manger?
" Sure, if I can't eat hay or oats,
" They're not design'd for other's throats!
" I'll stay to guard your geese and fowl,
" 'Twill do you good to hear me growl;
" And then consider, Sirs, beside, †
" How it must mortify my pride

* It may be said—" Why maintain a seat in Parliament which you will not attend?" My first answer is—That, whenever any considerable body of my Constituents shall manifest to me a wish that I should no longer represent them, I will obey them quickly: but without that, it is not my present intention to give up my seat in Parliament, for two reasons: first, because I am convinced that no Representative, be he who he may, can in any considerable degree serve you in Parliament, constituted as things are at present."

Mr. Fox's Speech, Oct. 1798.

† " Secondly, because it would be mortifying to me to put an end to a connexion with a people who have shewn such partiality to me, and, what is more important, have shewn *such a spirit* during the whole of this contest, which, if properly followed by the rest of the people of this Country,

" If every Westminster pot-boiler,
" Pimp, scriv'ner, scavenger, and tyler,
" Should *silently* toss off his can,
" And toast no more 'THE PEOPLE'S MAN!'—
" Then, Sirs, to mine is near allied
" Your spirit, *highly rectified;*
" For when those *Pitt* and *Grenville* BILLS,
" To Whigs confounded bitter pills,
" Made *Corresponding* Curs hang tail;
" We both oppos'd them tooth and nail:
" And—had the country briskly wagg'd as
" Did you and I,—WILL ne'er had gagg'd us;

it would not be under the calamities it is now feeling. When the two Bills, in the year 1795, commonly called, *The Pitt and Grenville Bills*, were proposed—Bills which (let others say what they please of them) directly repeal some of the most important parts of the Bill of Rights—this city opposed them; part of the country opposed them also: but, if all the country had followed the example, these Bills would never have passed. When the Ministers had set aside the functions of the House of Commons, by assuming a power, independent of Parliament, of sending millions of money out of the country to a foreign Prince, under the colour of a loan, the Citizens of Westminster addressed the Throne to dismiss them.—If the rest of the country had properly followed the example, that would have been effectual." *Ibid.*

" We'd blown up his despotic system,
" And GEORGE, at your request, dismiss'd him.—

" Well, Sirs, though twice I have attended
" The House, you'll not find matters mended.
" And therefore, give me leave to say,
" I'll now, *in earnest*, keep away—
" For, though I fain would play the deuce,*
" I cannot be of *any use*
" Where pow'r with honesty conjoin'd
" In Britain's cause enlist mankind.
" SUCH COALITION to advance
" I'll never lend my countenance;
" Although ('twere bootless to deny it)
" I must knock under to the fiat

* " It may be asked of me,—Why not attend Parliament?—The answer is that which I have repeatedly given; that it would only put a false gloss on the conduct of the Minister, by shewing that every thing he did was the act, not of his own power or of Government, but of Parliament duly and deliberately considering and determining on every thing that came before them. *What use* to the country, what benefit to mankind can result from attendance in a place where every thing is decided by power, and nothing by consultation? It would be only, as I have said, serving to put a false exterior on the state of things." *Ibid.*

" Of PITT, who rules omnipotent
" The JOVE of Britain's Parliament.

" Ah Sirs, though FOX is my cognomen,
" I'm an old Bird of evil omen!—
" And, while I croak, could you survey
" My soul, 'tis lin'd with *raven* grey:
" Th' woes imagination broaches
" Drive through my brain like mourning coaches.
" Our Club-room looks like Pluto's hall,
" And Whigs like Undertakers all!!
" This domineering Treasury Lad
" Will drive me melancholy mad; *
" And yet, Sirs, I'm no pining fellow
" Whose melancholy 's green and yellow,
" Mine 's made of Opposition stuff,
" Right melancholy BLUE and BUFF.
" Upon a monumental pile
" Patience at Grief may sit and smile,

* " Under such circumstances, every view of the country is, in my opinion, melancholy. The state of our domestic affairs makes a deep and mournful impression upon my mind. Indeed the state of affairs all over the world appears to me very gloomy." *Ibid.*

" But I'm content with seat more humble,
" Upon this chair I'll sit and grumble:
" Nor shall concealment wear my soul,
" Nor feed on my brown-damask jowl:*
" Nor me shall scare restrictive laws
" From toasting Freedom's *desp'rate* cause,†
" Exil'd France, Switzerland, and Poland,
" Asylum she can find in no land!
" *Here*, should the *Red Cap* grace her crown,
" PITT o'er her visage pulls it down,
" And ties her up in her own garters,
" As he has down her IRISH MARTYRS.
" Sure, to make traitors bite the dust is
" The very climax of injustice!

* She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. *Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc.* iv.

† "It is a lamentable thing that the cause of Liberty in every part of the world is desperate.—Where are we to look for Liberty? The French held forth, in words at least, a great attachment to it. If we expect to find it protected by them, let us look at the state of *Switzerland*. If we expect to see it cherished under the care of *Monarchs*, look at the state of *Poland*." *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

" Our honest Whigs, he'll ne'er enlist 'em
" To militate for such a system,
" To white-wash—who so roundly swore—
" ERIN's Apostate Blackamoor.*

" Your true-bred Whig, by right of nature †
" Is guardian, trustee, legislator
" T' himself; nor law, nor reason's voice
" Direct him, but his own Free Choice.
" All Sov'reigns made to be cashier'd
" He thinks, except the SOV'REIGN HERD:
" On principle he 's still at variance
" With all but Multitudinarians,
" Who deem the Hydra-crested Brute
" Infallible and absolute,

* Arthur O'Connor.

† " The Whig Principle states that man has natural rights, and he is the natural guardian of himself, and that the Government by which he is to be protected, ought to spring from his own Free Choice."

Mr. Fox's Speech, Whig Club.—Courier, May 8, 1799.

" It will be our duty to maintain the Whig Principle, that *men should govern themselves*, that the government of the people is the *only legimate* government," &c.

Mr. Fox's Speech.—Sunday Review, May 12, 1799.

" O'er all authorities supreme,
" Whig-eulogy's exhaustless theme.
" And 'tis, no doubt, his wisest course
" Thus to extol his Stalking Horse:
" On whose broad flanks he's wont to vault,
" When he directs his mask'd assault
" 'Gainst our State Fortress; for WHIG NOB
" Is PRIMUM MOB-ILE OF MOB;
" Which, as Scotch Bagpiper his drone,
" Whig first inflates, then plays upon:
" First claps o' the back Seditious Cur,
" Then of his growl 's Interpreter:
" Christ'ning Swill'd Insolence and Noise,
" 'The SOV'REIGN PEOPLE'S SACRED VOICE.'

" They who to Cæsar render Cæsar's
" Dues have no thanks from you and me, Sirs.
" We adulation's tribute-penny
" Pay only to OUR *Liege*—THE MANY,
" Who reigns by voluntary suffrage
" Of all who feel the BLUE and BUFF rage.
" 'Twas Britons' voluntary spunk
" That gave DUTCH WILL, with nose adunque,

" Three Crowns *—but *old* Whigs, I suppose,
" Could not see far beyond their nose,
" Or they had ne'er impos'd the weight
" Of Three Crowns on One single Pate;
" But laid *Mynheer* upon the shelf,
" And ev'ry Whig enthron'd himself.
" This sounds to loyal ears uncouth,
" Yet *'tis an everlasting truth:*
" And these opinions, as I state 'em,
" Form, of Whig Club, the grand Substratum.

" But Tories, Whig-antipodes,
" Broach dogmas, the reverse of these:
" And Tories WE denominate
" All those who steer the helm of State;
" A set of arbitrary fellows,
" Who have the confidence to tell us
" That Whigs, to law's imperious yoke,
" Must bend as well as other folk. †

* " This is an everlasting truth. It was acted upon at the Glorious Revolution;—and it is the Foundation of this Club."
Mr. Fox's Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.

† " The TORY Principle is, that for the sake of procuring a dispassionate Government, man ought not to be left to himself."

" Rebellious Irishmen THEY hold,
" By martial force should be controll'd: *
" And, though *Free Will* in ev'ry case is,
" Of Government the solid basis, †
" They grudge Hibernian Whigs Free Will,
" To outrage, plunder, burn, and kill,—
" Tyrannically stretch their necks
" To cure 'em of such HARMLESS FREAKS;
" Nay, 'though they should but exercise
" Their *most undoubted Right* TO RISE,
" An hempen bandage to the weason
" Apply, as remedy for treason;
" And, by despotic windpipe-crushing,
" Annihilate *all free discussion*. ‡

" HERE was *this* Principle applied, §
" Who knows what fate might WHIGS betide;

* " Do not believe that you can govern Ireland better than Ireland can govern itself."

† " It is the WHIG Principle of FREE WILL that alone affords a solid basis of true Government."

Mr. Fox's Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.

‡ " All free Discussion was now destroyed."

Mr. Fox's Speech.—Sund. Review.

§ " The Principle may be applied to this Country."

" Ah, were WE not of hemp afraid,
" 'Twere fit *exertions should be made!* *
" For *I do feel* our state disastrous
" While these confounded Tories master us.—
" Though MICHAEL struts, though N**F**K's drinking,
" I feel the Constitution sinking:
" Nor, without Radical Reform,
" Can Opposition brave the storm.
" Sore has her Squadron felt the shocks
" Of Westminster and Maidstone Rocks,
" TH***T 's in Banco Regis moor'd,
" And S******'s sense gone over-board;
" B*RD**T's brave CREW in Cold Bath bound, †
" C***TN*Y's *flat-bottom'd* wit aground;
" J**YL, on grave consideration,
" Hangs out his flag of *recantation;*

* " At no time were exertions more necessary for the salvation of England. 'I do feel,' said Mr. Fox, 'that if exertions could be made with any hope of success, they ought to be so, for I do feel the situation of the country to be truly disastrous.'"
Mr. Fox's Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.

† Messrs. Jones, Davies, and other *gallant* Mutineers and Intimates of the "*incomparable Baronet,*" as Mr. H. T—ke styles him, in Cold Bath Fields Prison.

" And WH******* 'neath the table roll'd,
" Pumps up the Porter from his hold.——

" Freely my sentiments I've utter'd;
" For on which side my bread is butter'd,
" And who they are will serve my turn,
" Thank God, I am not now to learn. *
" The sapient and enlighten'd Few
" Give ME their cash, I THEM their cue,
" Who, while in common cause we join,
" Pay *sterling* Worth with current Coin:
" An honour 'tis to be connected †
" With patriots all as well affected
" To Liberty's *Whig honour'd* Saplin
" As I am, or their BRENTFORD CHAPLAIN;
" And there's no need for me to say
" HE'S A GREAT PATRIOT IN HIS WAY. ‡

* " I have said these words to you freely; I have spoken to you for myself only. *Mr. Fox's Speech, Oct.* 1798.

† " I cannot help saying, that I feel it a great honour to be connected with men of such understanding and spirit."
Mr. Fox's Speech, Oct. 1798.

‡ Mr. TOOKE's patriotism has too long been known to render it necessary for us to say one word in his praise.
Courier, May 19, 1797.

" And, for MYSELF, in ninety-seven,
" ERSKINE, first Counsel under Heaven,
" Told you that, for my good behaviour,
" I, as my Shipwreck'd Country's SAVIOUR,
" Was mark'd, by Providence divine: *
" (I never heard a speech so fine!
" Nor do I think such beauties lurk
" In *his inestimable Work.*) †
" Nay, what is more, CHARLES GREY, esquire,
" Whose *splendid talents* Whigs admire,
" For fear it should escape unheard,
" Retail'd his flummery word for word. ‡

* "He had endeavoured to shew (in his pamphlet) that it was not yet too late to save us from *shipwreck*. He alluded to the miserable calumnies which had lately come forth against the *exalted person* (Mr. Fox) who was endowed and marked out by Providence as THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY."

Mr. Erskine's Speech. Whig Club, Feb. 1797.

† "The Peace must be laid, as Mr. Erskine, *in his inestimable work*, has said, in principles that were pacific, &c."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, Feb. 1797.

‡ Mr. Grey, in return to the warm and cordial manner in which the company manifested their regard for his *splendid talents*, made a very elegant address, in which he adopted the sentiments of Mr. Erskine, that Providence had marked out their *exalted* Chairman as the SAVIOUR OF THE COUNTRY.

Morn. Chron. Feb. 15, 1797

" Your eleemosynary pence
" Have giv'n me EASE AND AFFLUENCE,*
" And, fatt'ning on your kind subscription,
" Though Government in base Egyptian
" Bondage should make you all bow down,
" Against the grain, to GEORGE's Crown;

* Mr. Fox proposed the Health of Mr. Grattan. " We have both received marks of peculiar and unprecedented kindness from our COUNTRIES, though in different ways.—He received, by a grant of the Parliament of his country, a mark of their attention and kindness.—I have also received from my COUNTRY, though *not in the same way*, but in a way equally peculiar and unprecedented, a mark of kindness equally flattering.—In both instances the PUBLIC perhaps thought, that persons who had exerted themselves in their service, should be placed in ease and affluence.—From THE PUBLIC we have received EASE AND AFFLUENCE." *Courier, December* 5, 1798,

Mr. F. having already termed the DUKE of B——D and GEORGE T——Y, Esq. *One Half* of his Country, (see Note, p. 157.) with equal justice and modesty here slurs the Whig Club upon us, under the imposing denomination of His Country. And indeed no man, who hath arithmetical knowledge enough to account the two worthy gentlemen above-mentioned *One Half* of Great Britain, can possibly scruple to admit that the Whig Club constitutes *the Whole* of it. Nor, *vice versâ*, will he, who maintains the truth of the latter proposition, deny that, in the " par Nobile Fratrum," the illustrious Peer and Commoner are concentrated the valuable Moiety, *viz.* Half the Talents (*golden and brazen*) of that Reservoir of *pure* Revolutionary Doctrine, and Grand Conservatory of potted Principle, THE WESTMINSTER WHIG CLUB.

" Tho' PITT your purses squeeze and shrink 'em
" With this confounded Tax on Income,
" Account ME still your doughty knight,
" Ready, whether you're wrong or right,
" (With Wine and Rhetoric charg'd like Falstaff,)
" To rant, and brandish at your call staff,
" And fight your battles o'er again
" 'Gainst Ministerial Buckram Men.
" MOB-MAJESTY, still at his levee,
" Shall see ME and my hopeful NEPHEW.
" I'll in HIS SOV'REIGN CAUSE enlist all
" My knaves: Nym-F**ST, and E**K**E-Pistol,
" Poins-R****L too, and SH***Y-Bardolph:
" We'll from your sides State-cudgel ward off.
" Dauntless MYSELF shall trace before ye
" The road of Democratic glory;
" Ne'er shall you be by ME forsook,
" Or dropp'd *at Hounslow* as by TOOKE,
" Who, 'though *my friend*, 's a scurvy shepherd,
" That led his lambkins to be pepper'd; *
" Just staid his dang'rous theme to broach,
" Then stepp'd out of SEDITION'S *Coach:*

* " I have led *my Ragamuffins* where they are pepper'd, and that soundly." *Falstaff. Shaksp. Hen. IV.*

" Still, staunch and loyal to the gang,
" With YOU I'll drink, for YOU harangue,
" 'Till safe I land YOU, from the Alehouse,
" At INSURRECTION'S GOAL—THE GALLOWS.

THE END.

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

FEB 15 1967 63

RECEIVED
FEB 11 '67 -11 AM
LOAN DEPT.

FEB 6 1968 52

REC'D LD JAN 30 '68 -10 AM

OCT 25 1981 8

RET'D SEP 28 1981

LD 21A–60m-7,'66
(G4427s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YC154155

97